

AROUND THE WORLD.



BY



LYDIA LEAVITT.



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LYDIA LEAVITT.



# *Around the World.*

BY

LYDIA LEAVITT,

AUTHOR OF "BOHEMIAN SOCIETY."

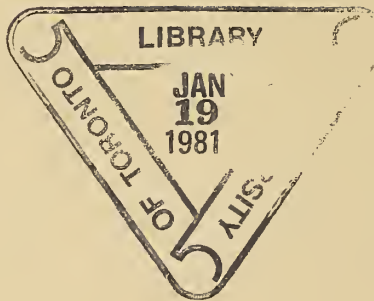


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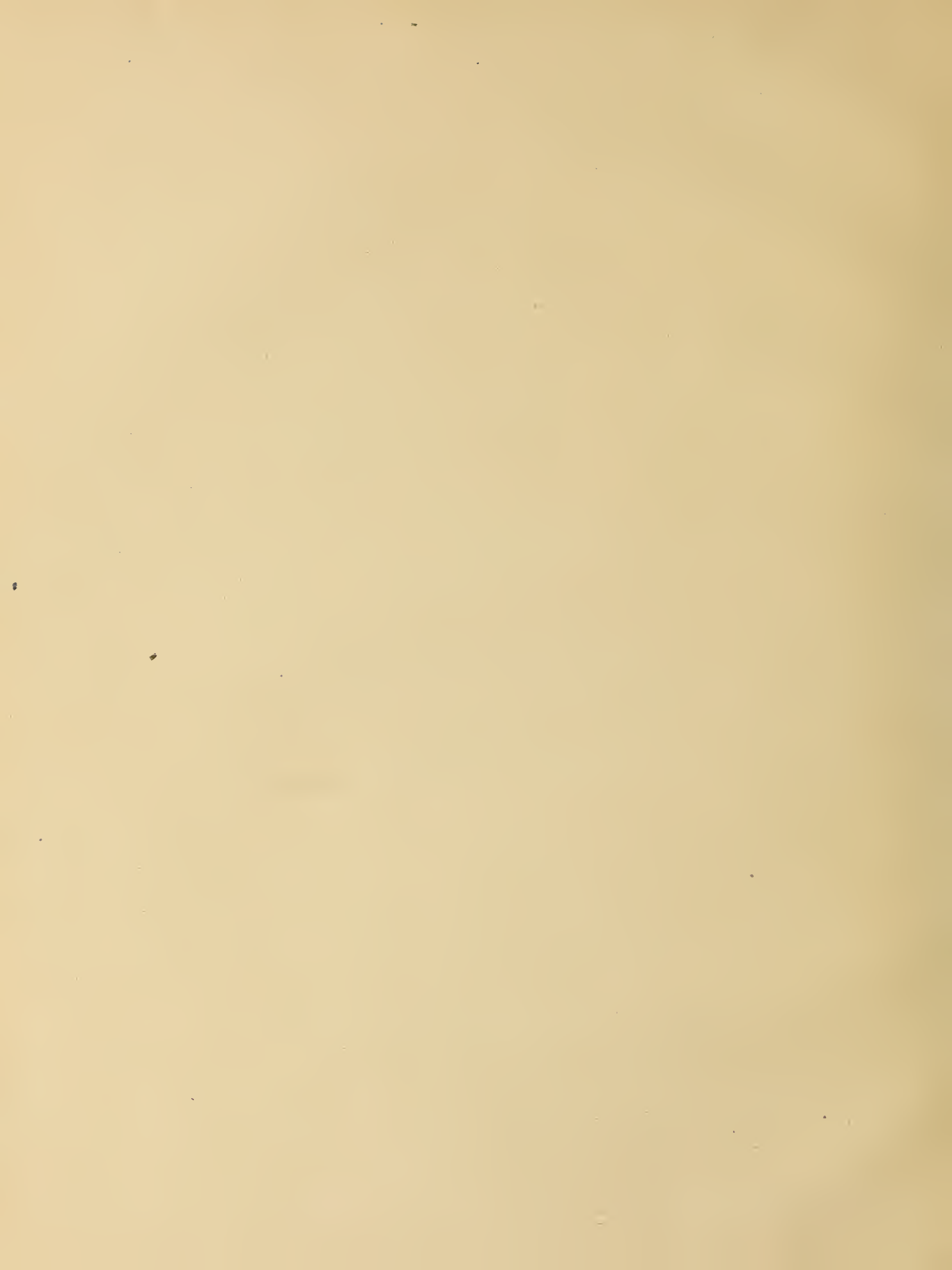
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DEDICATED TO MY ONLY SISTER,  
WITH LOVE.

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# AROUND THE WORLD.

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## CHAPTER I.

**S**O many books have been written, and descriptions given, of the scenery across the Rocky Mountains, that it is familiar to nearly every one, and even if it were not, only the pen of a Ruskin can do justice to it, so I will leave to the imagination of my readers this magnificent scenery.

It requires six days to reach San Francisco from Toronto, and although the scenery is grand, the journey becomes rather wearisome. I was reminded of the story of an Englishman and American who were travelling together over the continent. The American said to the Englishman, "Well, what do you think of our country, anyway?" The Englishman pondered for a time, and at last replied, "Well, I think it is *large*."

Remaining in San Francisco a week, it gave me an opportunity of studying the character and habits of the "yellow-skinned strangers from the Flowery Kingdom." Accompanied by Officer Glennon, of the San Francisco Police Force, who is most gentlemanly and obliging, we started at 7.30 o'clock to visit the Chinese quarter of the city, which commences at the corner of Jackson and Kearney Streets. There are about 35,000 or 40,000 Chinese in San Francisco, occupying an area that would be insufficient for 500 people of more cleanly habits. Chinamen will remain a race of "washee-washees" until they are made to understand sanitary laws, and I think it would be just as easy to make a jelly fish understand Greek. The first place visited was a Chinese barber shop. Now, I would like all gentlemen readers to disabuse their minds of any idea of a luxurious "shave." Not being in the habit of frequenting barber shops, or "tonorial parlors," the situation was unique, and I glanced around rather fearfully at the array of knives, and spoons, or things which looked to me like spoons. There was a Chinese in the chair undergoing the operation, which I watched with interest. All hair is removed from the face, ears and nose—none left but the eyebrows. While the barber was engaged in shaving the head, I was about to ask the officer to interfere, thinking the victim was about to be scalped ;

but he reassured me by saying that they only shaved about a mile and a half back on the head, and when that Mongolian arose from the chair his face and head were as smooth as an infant's.

The next place visited was a Chinese pawn shop. Most of my readers have read "The Old Curiosity Shop." Put several old curiosity shops together and you will have one Chinese pawn shop. There was wearing apparel of every description, from the handsomely embroidered robe to the linen blouse; pipes of every shape, pistols, fans, Chinese weapons—which, by the way, are rather formidable looking things. Some of them are half-circle handles with two knives in one sheath. I picked up a fan and tried to open it, but discovered that it was a sheath knife; the lower part of the fan pulls off, leaving the upper part with a sharp knife attached. Many of the fans carried by Chinese at night are sheath knives.

Our next visit was to a drug store, where horned toads are preserved in liquor and administered as medicine, deer's horns are powdered and given to make bone and muscle. Probably the imagination works a cure for the Chinese, as it does in many instances for the more enlightened portion of humanity.

The next call was at one of the gambling dens, where about fifty Chinese were gathered, eight or ten being engaged at a table playing a game not unlike dominoes. They are inveterate gamblers, and here could be seen the same excitement, the same interest, the same display of character, the same restless, anxious looks that are found at fashionable gambling places. The Chinaman who made the pools had been arrested a short time previous for murder, and was then out on bail. He was the finest specimen of his race that I had met; large, well-proportioned, an intelligent face and well-shaped head. I was hoping they would find him innocent, and even if he were guilty, as he was the only specimen who looked like a man, why not hang some of the others as an example and let him off?

We went in quietly so as not to disturb their game, and I was looking over the shoulder of one of the players when he lost, and turning, he saw me, at the same time giving utterance to a Chinese expletive, which, the officer informed me, referred to things more profane than sacred. They are very superstitious, and he attributed his bad luck to a white person being near him.

Our next visit was to the opium dens. We went down several steps underground, coming to a place just sufficiently high to stand in, with shelves each side, and curled up in several of these shelves were Chinamen, indulging in their favorite pastime, smoking opium. I remembered at one time seeing some

mummies from Peru, and have never seen anything since which reminded me of them until I saw these Chinese on the shelves smoking opium. Give the mummy a pipe and he would look equally as intelligent, and would be just as companionable. Going through a narrow passage, we arrived at a place about as large as a small dry goods box, directly under the pavement, where one man alone was smoking. He evidently looked upon our visit as an intrusion, and was altogether the most objectionable object I had yet seen. The officer spoke to him, but was informed that he would "no speakee." Many people think the Chinese smoke for ten or fifteen minutes, but it is a mistake. They take about two "whiffs" and are through.

Leaving the underground dens, we ascended the steps to the outer world, and I never remember being so thankful for fresh air. The next place of interest was the Tong-Wah-Mew, or Joss house. There were fantastic and hideous images, deities to whom the Chinese offer their devotions. At one side of the room is a grate used for a peculiar purpose. Any Chinaman who owes a debt too large for him to pay, if he goes to the Joss house and declares before all these deities that he is really unable to pay, his creditor takes the piece of paper upon which the sum is written and throws it in this grate, and the debt is cancelled. If that were the custom among Europeans the grates would be kept constantly burning.

At last we are going to a house that is the "correct" place to visit, that is, to the Chinese restaurant. Every one, nearly, who visits San Francisco, goes to this establishment. This is the most cleanly place one will find in all the Chinese quarter. Many people think they are visiting the Chinese part of the city, and are taken to the restaurant, the theatre and the Joss house, and go away satisfied that they know something about the people; but to know anything of their habits one must go underground. The restaurant is very nicely fitted up, tables well laid, clean damask and quaint little dishes, tiny tea cups that contain about three tablespoonfuls of tea. We ordered tea, and they brought something that looked a little like it, and with it some pumpkin seeds in a tiny dish, and some other things which I did not investigate. There is some very beautiful carving in this room, and the chairs are handsomely embroidered in Chinese designs.

The next and last place we visited was the theatre, and by far the most interesting, if one can call anything interesting that they do not understand. We were given the seat of honor, that is, on the stage. There are no wings, or flies, or curtains of any kind in a Chinese theatre. The stage is raised a little



from the floor, and the *musicians* sit on the stage near the actors. Any thing more hideous than the noises of these instruments can not be imagined. There is nothing approaching a tune, but simply a screech and sawing. There were no cats in the neighborhood, and I attributed it to the reason that they had heard the orchestra of the theatre, and found something that could make night more hideous than they.

The actors are men—no women are on the stage. A Chinese was dressed as a woman, and spoke, or screeched, in a high falsetto, in imitation of a woman's voice.

The dresses were very pretty. The principal *actor*—shades of Garrick!—wore a dress of some bright color, with tiny little mirrors about the size of twenty cent pieces, all over it. The effect was rather pretty.

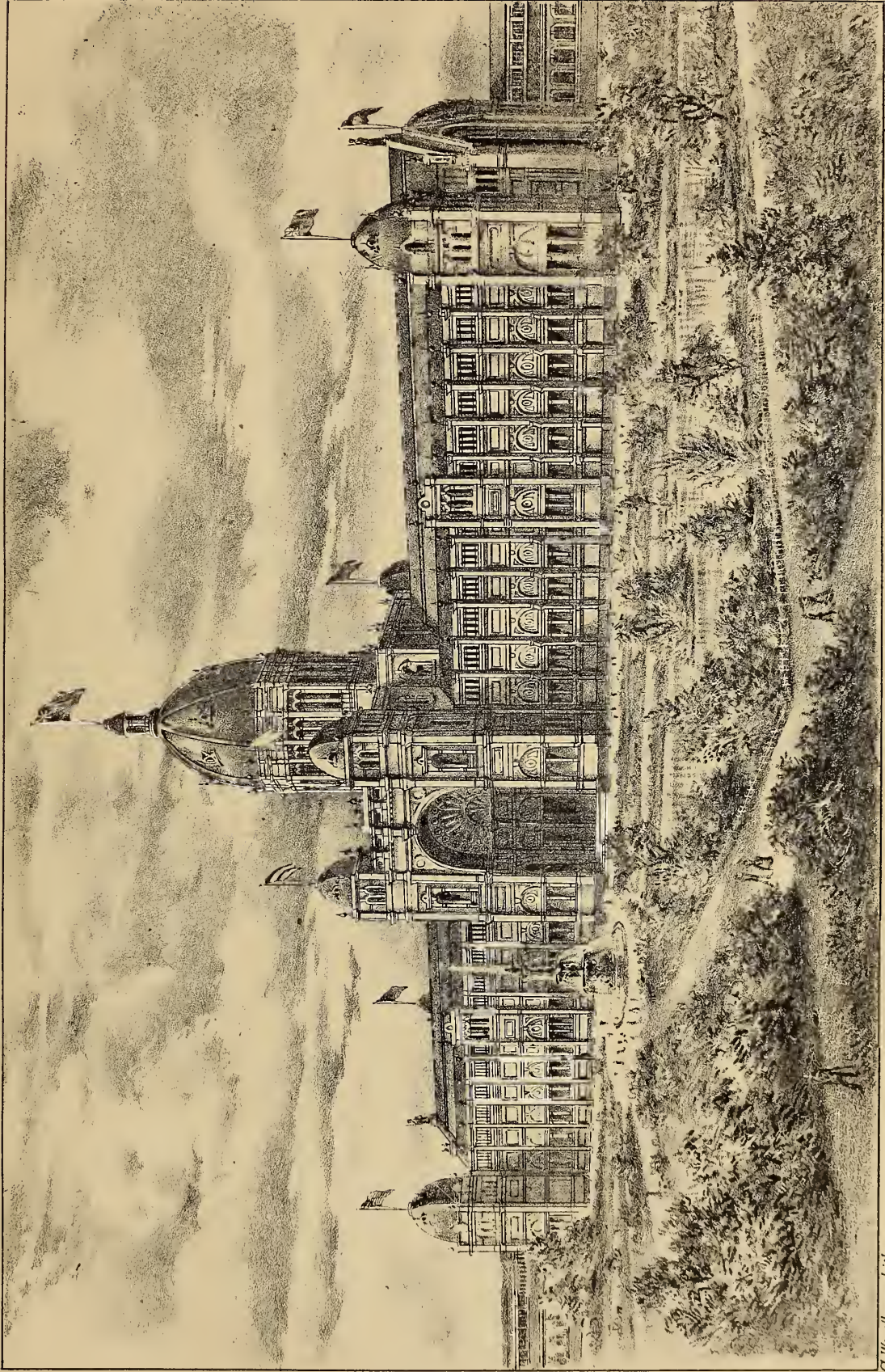
The audience was composed principally of men—all Chinese—who sat with their hats on. There is no applause, not the faintest, and I thought one of the actors deserved some applause, as he had been killed, was carried off the stage, and coolly walked back in the next act, when the same killing process was gone through again. The Chinese play sometimes lasts for six months before the drama is ended. Imagine going every night for six months to find out how the plot ended! One hour was quite long enough for me, and anything more fantastic I have never witnessed. There is a supper served for the principal actors after the theatre is closed, and the officer took me to a room where a young Chinaman was busily engaged in dressing the entrails of a dog for supper. I do not think that even the most pressing invitation could have induced me to remain to share the repast. I am very fond of dogs, but I prefer them intact. I dreamed of dogs that night, dogs brown, dogs white, dogs black, dogs fried and dogs broiled.

There are about 600 Chinese prostitutes in San Francisco. The money which is procured from their mode of life goes to their owner, as all these women are bought and sold. They are not allowed to appropriate any of it.

They live in one row of houses. The rooms look like small boxes with a little grating before the window, before which these women sit. Some of them have rather pretty faces, but as a rule they are repulsive, being almost entirely lacking in expression.

I will say nothing about the city of San Francisco, as descriptions of it are written and re-written, but will go on to countries of which less is known by my own country people.





*C. Woodhouse, Lith.*

*Hornel & Ferguson, Print.*

Exhibition Building  
MELBOURNE 1887





## CHAPTER II.



ON the 22nd of November I sailed for Australia, in the steamship "Mariposa," Commander Capt. Haywood, and arrived in Honolulu, capital of the Sandwich Islands, November 29th. The Hawaiian, or Sandwich Islands, lie in the North Pacific about 2,080 miles from San Francisco. There are twelve islands in the group, eight of which are inhabited, and the area of the whole is 6,000 square miles.

The first thing which attracts the attention of travellers on approaching Honolulu is the number of extinct volcanoes, which rear their heads and look like granite giants, the most conspicuous being called Diamond Head. It rises directly from the water's edge, with sides seamed and scarred by the lava which had boiled and burst over it. The water is a beautiful emerald green; the intensity of its color is caused by a coral reef that runs out nearly a mile. It is very beautiful, but most dangerous to ships. Approaching nearer, we catch glimpses of cocoanut palms, and a cottage nestling here and there among the trees, with the lofty serrated mountains in the background.

At last the ship arrives at the wharf, and we see hundreds of native men and women. The women are splendidly formed, with magnificent physiques, and, since the advent of civilization, the women dress in loose robes not unlike our "Mother Hubbard." I took great pleasure in watching them, their graceful movements wholly free and untrammelled, their flowing dresses showing the contour of their limbs, the poise of the head, and I thought, "Here is a model for a painter's skill," and I could not help contrasting them in my mind with the pinched waist, flat chest, and absurd wobble-wobble of many fashionable women. The native women of the Sandwich Islands ride *astride* their horses. It rather takes one's breath away at first to see women riding in this way, but when one stops to consider a moment, it is only that we have not been accustomed to seeing it.

Honolulu contains a population of about fifteen thousand, and as it is a toy kingdom, it is under the control of His Majesty King Kalakaua, descendant of the king who a hundred years ago killed and ate Captain Cook, the greatest mariner Britain ever knew. The court consists of His Majesty Kalakaua, Her Majesty the Queen, Her Royal Highness the Princess Liliuokalani, and Her Royal Highness *Victoria-Kawekieu-Lunalilo-Kalaninuiāhupāpā*. My readers will

have no difficulty in pronouncing these names; I have only given a few of the royal court names. On the day of our arrival in Honolulu the king's birth-day was being celebrated—his fiftieth year. The palace is a very picturesque building from the exterior, and with red flags flying and native soldiers stationed at the door, the scene was almost barbaric. But the interior of the palace is by no means barbaric; it is very elegant; the entrance hall is large, with winding stairs, handsome gasaliers, beautifully carved tables and large vases of tropical foliage. It requires the same amount of formality to be presented to His Majesty as is usual in approaching all royal personages. The United States Consul and Mr. Julian Thomas, the well known writer, endeavored to get an interview on my behalf with His Most Gracious Majesty, King Kalakaua, but discovered that the king was *too intoxicated* to receive us. I will not comment upon this, as my acquaintance with kings has been somewhat limited; I may not be a competent judge of what is considered correct in the department of kingly personages. The residences in Honolulu are quaint in the extreme, but the tropical foliage, waving palms, brilliant flowers, all form a picture to make one forget the absence of architectural beauty. I went into a store where they sell "curios," and told the proprietor to give me something that I could carry easily, and he handed me a native dress. It could, certainly, be carried easily, for it consisted of a narrow band about an inch in width, with strings of dried grass attached. That is the native dress in the interior, before the appearance of the missionary and Mother Hubbard.

The fruits of the Hawaiian Islands are alligator pears, bananas, cherimozas, China oranges, cocoanuts, custard apples, dates, Eugenie figs, garcinia, grapes, guavas, Java plums, limes, litchi, loquats, mangoes, mulberries, muskmelons, ohias, oranges, papias, peaches, pine apples, pomegranates, rose apples, sapoto pears, sour sop, Spanish cherries, strawberries, tamarinds, water lemons, watermelons, whampee. The alligator pear makes an excellent salad. There is one thing that strikes a stranger very forcibly in Honolulu, that is the different nationalities—natives, Chinese, Yankees, Hindoos, Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, Britons; all form a cosmopolitan gathering that would be difficult to find elsewhere.

There are a great number of lepers in the Sandwich Islands, but every precaution is taken to prevent the spread of the terrible disease. There is an island plainly visible from the ship before reaching Honolulu, where the poor wretches are taken; they are cut off from the world, living alone, waiting for death to end their misery.

Leprosy is said to have been introduced from Asia into the Sandwich Islands more than half a century ago, and spread with such rapidity that the government was compelled to devise some means to separate the sufferers from the rest of the population. They selected, for this purpose, one of the most secluded of the Sandwich Islands—the island of Molokai. Thither the lepers are transported from the other Hawaiian Islands. In the past fifteen years 2,500 have been transported. The condition of these poor people was pitiable indeed, but fifteen years ago a young Belgian priest, Father Damien de Veuster, who had been sent on a mission to Honolulu, hearing of the condition of these people, volunteered to live among them, and, if possible, alleviate their distress. He has built thatched huts and cottages, a church, schools and hospitals, with the aid of the lepers. For years he worked alone and unaided at his strange task, but two years ago another priest joined him. Father Damien escaped all contagion from the disease until about three years ago, when it made its appearance, and his doom was therefore sealed, but he is still able to continue his work. The following is an extract from a letter written by Father Damien to a friend in England :

“*Kalawao, Molokai, Nov. 8, 1877.*”

“We continue our bathing, but only in warm water, the supply of Japanese medicine being now all out, though we hope to receive a new invoice; such is the promise of our new board of health. I should be very sorry if we should be deprived of it definitely. The disease on me works more now at the exteriors, and does not give me so much pain in the limbs. In regard to a *cure* of this our *incurable* disease, I leave that in the hands of Almighty God, who knows better than I do what is best for our sanctification during our short stay in this world. The Blessed Virgin, our common Mother, in whose hands I have entrusted my health from the day I put my feet in this asylum of death, could very easily obtain me a miracle, but she too knows better than I do what may shorten my road to heaven. And for myself I feel very happy and well pleased of my lot.

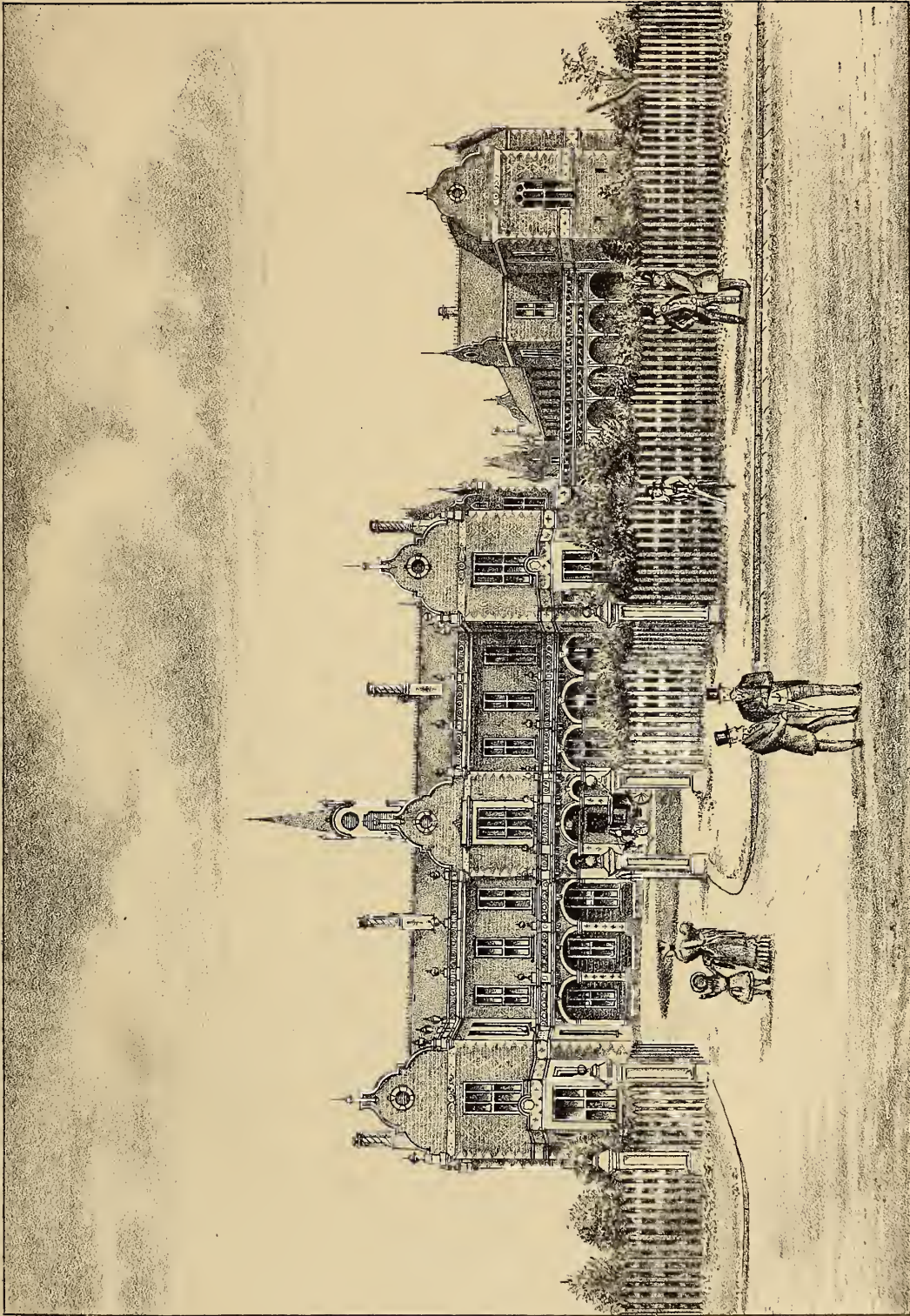
“Since the change of our government, I have received a great number of lepers, and probably a great addition is to follow. I have here under my special guardianship fifty boys, who occupy pretty well all my spare time. The brother with me is greatly occupied dressing sores and other druggist’s occupations. Our two churches are pretty well crowded on Sundays, and every morning and evening a good number assist at our divine worship. I will have to bury this afternoon two old lepers in one grave! With the assurance of my esteem, etc.  
—J. DAMIEN DE VEUSTER.”



Surely the age of heroism and martyrs is not dead. We read of men who fell in battle, men who have heroically faced death, but to my mind Father Damien is the hero of heroes. Going of his own free will to a colony where *death* is the presiding genius, to lead a lonely, solitary life, knowing full well that he too must fall a victim to the horrible disease; then after years of toil and self-sacrifice, he finding his doom is sealed, without a murmur patiently waits the death which is inevitable. Who will say there is no good in human nature? Who will say that in this age there are no martyrs?

Nature in its terrible mood is to be seen in the volcanoes of the Hawaiian Islands. Kilauea and Mauna Loa are the largest. Kilauea, whose base is at a height of nearly 4,000 feet, on the flank of Mauna Loa, has the appearance of a great pit. The pit is nine miles in circumference; there are signs of volcanic activity throughout its whole depth; great eruptions occur at intervals. The ascent of Mauna Loa has been dispelled of some of its terrors by the frequent excursions made by travellers during the past three years. The crater, Mo-kua-weo-weo, is on the summit of Mauna Loa. Action began August 9th, 1872, and has since been almost incessant. In the vicinity of Kilauea the army of Keoua met its terrible destruction. Some of the natives who were contemporary with Keoua say that while they encamped two days and three nights at the crater of Kilauea, there were repeated eruptions and sending up of cinders and stones. They set forward on the third day toward Kan. The earth trembled and shook under their feet, a dense cloud arose from the immense crater, lightning and thunder burst forth over their heads and darkness covered them, and a shower of cinders thrown high from the crater descended on the region round about, and great numbers of Keoua's men were killed and were found there many days afterward apparently unchanged, and were at first mistaken for a living company.

In Kohala there is the ruin of the celebrated heathen temple, where human sacrifices were made to appease the wrath of the deities. Human lives were sacrificed to avert catastrophes of all kinds; the victims were allowed to remain two days on the altar; the third day the flesh was stripped from the bones, and flesh and bones carried to the sea and washed; they were then carried back to the temple, the bones tied up in bundles and the flesh burned at the back of the altars. Not long ago one of the volcanoes burst forth, pouring its lava over the mountain side; it ran down within a mile of the town of Hilo; the inhabitants were alarmed and some of the people began removing the machinery from their mills and factories, when some one suggested that they should send for the Princess Ruth, sister of the present king. She arrived and proceeded to throw a



Hamel & Ferguson, Lith.

# ALFRED HOSPITAL

ST. KILDA ROAD, MELBOURNE.





black cat, a white pig and some coins into the crater, at the same time muttering incantations, when the lava ceased, and the natives attributed it to her occult powers. In olden times a human life would have been sacrificed to appease the wrath of the angry gods.

There is a very rare bird called the "Oo," which produces two feathers only. These are sold for one hundred and fifty dollars each to decorate the robes of the royal family; the wealthy native women wear them around their necks in the street. While still looking for "curios," I was shown these feathers; to my inexperienced eyes they appeared anything but beautiful, but looked as though they could be used successfully to clean lamp chimneys; they were round and like the things on wire used for that purpose.

There are a great many native dancing girls who assist in the amusement of all gala days. I must not forget to mention the hotel in Honolulu; it is handsomely fitted up with every modern convenience, and if it were not for the tropical trees and foliage by which it is surrounded, one would imagine one's self in an American hotel.

One of the most beautiful places to visit in all Hawaii is the mountain called the Pali, one of the most remarkable wonders of nature. It is six miles from Honolulu, the road ascending all the way. The mountains rise from the sea level to a height of 4,000 feet; they do not descend in sober mountain fashion, but are cleft in two, one half left standing, the other gone, no one knows whither. It is nowhere less than 800 feet, in many places over 2,000 feet deep; below are plains and hills. The valley below is classic ground in Hawaiian history; there was fought the last of seven decisive battles by Kamehameha, victories that made him sole monarch and established his dynasty. On the rocky slopes of these impregnable mountains the natives, with spears and clubs, resisted the hordes of the invaders, fighting vainly, and at last were driven headlong over the Pali. It is a lonely and romantic spot, worthy of the death struggle of brave and knightly warrior chiefs of ancient times.

I drove up to the Pali and it seemed like a beautiful dream. On first starting we drove through an avenue of palms; further on mountains on either side covered with green moss, the tops enveloped in clouds of mist, the mist falling around us in little showers of rain, the sun shining brilliantly, the changing hues of the foliage, while between us and the highest mountain was a beautiful rainbow, which remained there like a halo. Anything more exquisite I never expect to see again. We were obliged to leave our carriage when about three-quarters the way to the top, as the wind blows at the summit with such force that it is

unsafe to take a carriage to the top. The way is cut out like an Alpine pass to allow people to walk, and has an iron rail by which to hold one's self. I never imagined the wind could blow with such force as it does at this place ; it is as though the spirits from the dead warriors who lost their lives here were roused and shrieking their fury at the immovable rocks.

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### CHAPTER III.

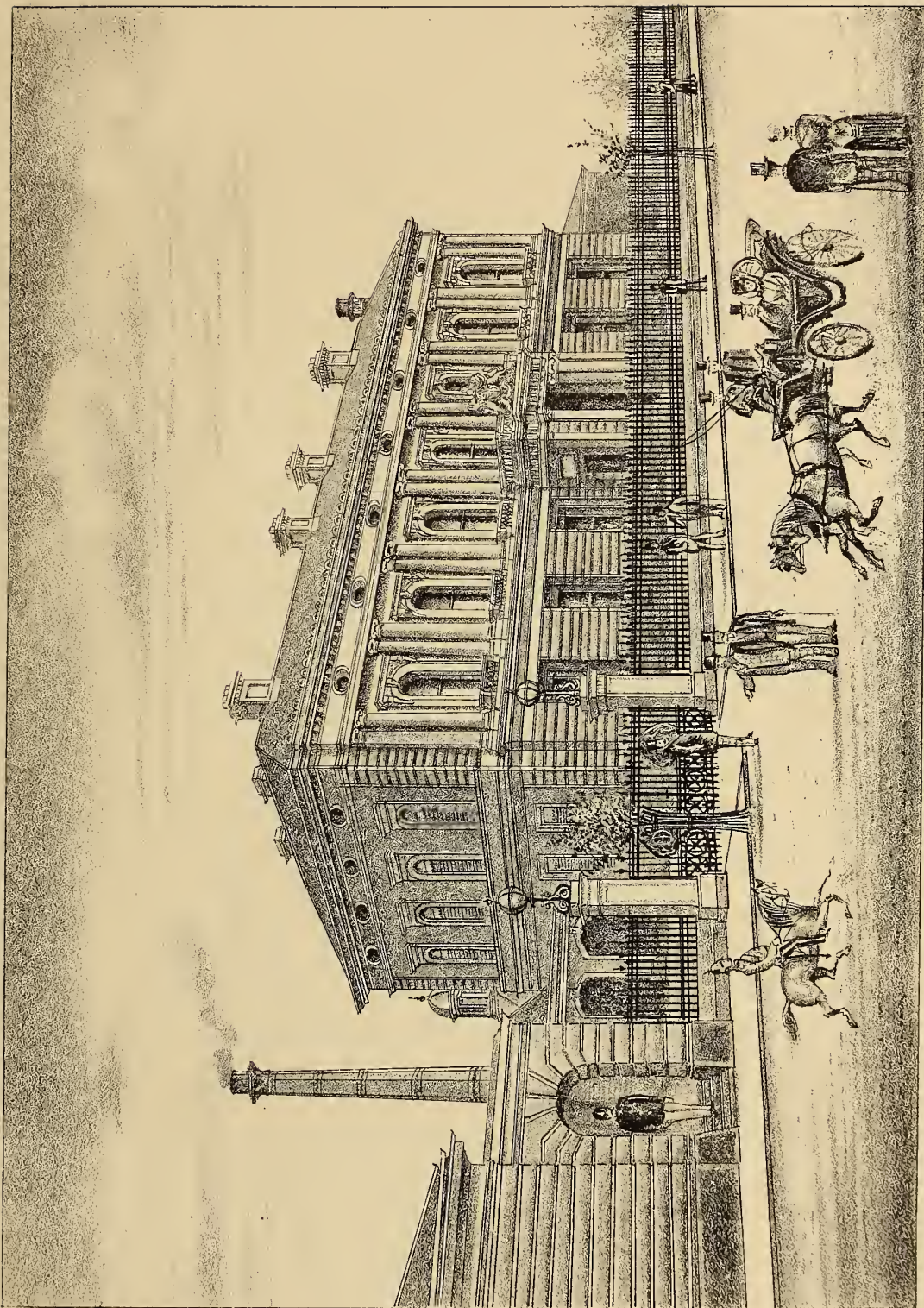
**A**FTER leaving the Sandwich Islands, there was nothing more of interest to be seen before reaching the Samoa group, one of the Navigator Islands. Leaving Honolulu the 29th November, with nothing but the ocean to look upon, nothing but "water, water everywhere," one naturally turned to one's fellow-passengers to try and discover if they possessed any marked peculiarities, any eccentricities of character—in fact anything that would place them above the commonplace, and I found to my delight that there were a number of literary people on board, among them Dr. Julian Thomas, who is certainly neither dull nor commonplace. He writes under the *nom de plume* of "The Vagabond," and is well known all over the literary world as the best descriptive writer in Australia. The *nom de plume* was a well chosen one, for he is Bohemianism personified—a Virginian of English descent, a champion of the "Lost Cause," a journalist in London and New York, a soldier of fortune in South America, a wanderer in the South Seas. Some years back he started his successful career on the most enterprising journal in the British colonies, the *Melbourne Argus*. Adopting the tactics of Mr. James Greenwood of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Dr. Thomas assumed the characters of an inmate of the Benevolent Asylum and Model Lodging House, a hospital patient and hospital clerk, and a warder in lunatic asylums. He wrote on all sorts of social subjects, and has effected many reforms with his pen. Then in behalf of the *Melbourne Argus* he visited nearly every country in the world. He was in New Caledonia during the native war of 1878. Afterwards he went to Fiji, China, Japan, and across to British Columbia, and on returning to Australia received orders to again visit the islands of the Western Pacific. From New Caledonia he sailed through the New Hebrides to New Guinea. He was returning by the "Mariposa" from a trip to England, to describe for the *Argus* the recent Colonial Exhibition. Dr. Thomas came by the Canadian Pacific route across the continent. Many of his writings are published in book form; the latest work, "Cannibals and Convicts," a record of part of his experience in the South Seas. An article appears weekly in the *Argus* from his pen, to me the most interesting part of the paper.

It was my fortune to meet on the "Mariposa" a gentleman to whom I had a letter of introduction, Mr. G. W. Griffin, United States Consul for Sydney,

New South Wales. He has written many excellent works, among them, "Danish Days," "Studies in Literature," "Memoir of Col. C. S. Todd," "A Visit to Stratford-on-Avon and Prenticiana." His life has been an eventful one, full of romance, interest and excitement. Educated for the law, he soon showed preference for literary work. At that time the *Louisville Journal* was edited by the most popular newspaper-writing American, Mr. George D. Prentice ; Mr. Griffin contributed to this paper, and his articles brought him under the notice of General Grant. Charmed with the ability displayed in his writings, Gen. Grant sent for Mr. Griffin one day, and asked him if he would go to Geneva as representative of his country. Mr. Griffin assented and was about to start, when the President altered his purpose and sent him instead to Copenhagen, principally that he might be in the city in which Grant's sister resided. Mr. Griffin was the bearer of a letter of introduction from the poet Longfellow to Prof. Geo. Stephens. Prof. Stephens is famous as the discoverer of the complete Runic Alphabet, as an antiquary of vast research, and as the possessor of the most extensive private collection of books in the world, a library of 120,000 volumes. The other heart that opened to receive Mr. Griffin had been cast in a very different mould ; it was that of the Danish story teller, Hans Christian Andersen, the friend of little folks all the world over. The weaver of fairy tales more beautiful than dreams soon spun a silken web around the home of the American Consul. Mr. Griffin was Consul at Samoa, where he was mobbed by the filibusters in 1877. Admiral Aube, who was then a captain in the French Navy, restored Mr. Griffin to power, and secured for him the protection of the native Government. Upon the arrival of the "Le Seingnelay" at Tahiti, the Governor-General there disapproving of the proceedings of the French ambassador, took his ship from him and sent him to Paris for trial by court-martial. When Commander Aube reached Paris, instead of being tried by court-martial, he was presented with the thanks and gratitude of the American nation for his services to Mr. Griffin, and promoted to the rank of Commodore. At a later period he was made an Admiral, and he is now Secretary of the French Navy. I can not attempt to give the many interesting events in Mr. Griffin's life—they alone would make a book ; but I can assure my readers that it was a pleasure to meet a man of his versatile talents, and I am indebted to him for a thousand kindnesses.

Among the passengers was Mr. James Mills, Managing Director of the Union Steamship Co., of New Zealand. There is a fleet of thirty-five vessels which run to various points in New Zealand, Australia, the Pacific Islands, and to San Francisco. These ships are luxuriously fitted up. Archibald Forbes says,





Hamel & Ferguson. Lith.

MINT  
MELBOURNE





in a letter to the *Nineteenth Century*: "The 'Wairarapa' of the Union Company of New Zealand, is, to my thinking, the most beautifully decorated ship in the world, being spacious, lofty and well ventilated. I have not seen an Atlantic liner whose state-room accommodation is equal in completeness, prettiness and comfort to that which the Australian voyager will find on some of the best of the Union Company steamers—'Wairarapa,' for instance, or the 'Manapouri.'" I can speak too for the beauty of these ships, having had the pleasure of being on one of them while in Auckland, New Zealand.

Mr. Whitson, Secretary of the Union Steamship Co., was also among the number of literary people, he having written a work on New Zealand. During the voyage he delivered a lecture on humorous English poets, which was excellently written and delivered. Among the other pleasant passengers from New Zealand was Mr. W. Davenish Meares, of Christchurch, New Zealand, who is the best recounter of stories I have ever seen. Every conversation started suggested a story to his mind, and always beginning with "that reminds me," we were prepared for something good. There were many other pleasant passengers, but lack of space prevents me introducing them to my readers.

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## CHAPTER IV.

**W**E crossed the Equator Saturday, December 3rd, about eight o'clock a.m. Arrived at Tutueillo, Samoa Island, December 8th, where we made a short stay. We jumped from Friday, December 11th, to Sunday, 13th, losing Saturday. In going from east to west there is a day lost, which can only be regained by going from west to east again, when I will pick up the day dropped out of my life by having two Thursdays in succession, or two Fridays, two days of some kind, together. The Captain kindly explained this to me, which I would take much pleasure in explaining to my readers, if it were not for the kindly feeling I have towards the Captain. My explanation might produce softening of the brain or premature grey hairs.

We arrived at Auckland, New Zealand, December 13th, where we made quite a lengthy stay. Auckland is a fine city, with wide streets, well paved. We took a drive to Mount Eden, from the summit of which there is a magnificent view. Mr. Griffin was Consul at Auckland for some time, and during our stay there he introduced me to Prince Paul, one of the Maori chiefs whom he knew during his Consulship in New Zealand. To describe this extraordinary-looking person would be almost impossible. His face was tattooed out of all semblance to a human face. Our conversation was a very animated one; it consisted of smiles, and bows, and "oh, eh, ah's," more smiles, grins and bows, and we parted, mutually pleased—at the parting.

Mr. Griffin took Dr. O'Neil, Miss O'Neil, of New South Wales, and myself, to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Firth and their charming daughters. Their residence is a very beautiful one in Auckland, handsome grounds, rare plants and trees. While walking in the grounds Mrs. Firth showed us a cave in the earth in which could be plainly seen the bones of dead and gone Maories. The ground upon which Mr. Firth's house stands, with hundreds of acres besides, was given him by the Maories. It is said that at one time he saved the life of a Maori chief, who repaid him by giving him a large amount of land, on condition that he should live upon it. While there we were shown some very beautiful paintings of that most magnificent of nature's wonders—the pink and white terraces that were destroyed by the volcano of the present year. Mrs. Firth told me she heard the reports like small cannon being fired, and thought the ships in the port were firing. The mountain, which had lain asleep for ages, at last awoke, and in its



fury destroyed one of the most beautiful of all of nature's handiwork. Thousands of tourists visited the place yearly to see these beautiful terraces, and now not a vestige remains.

On the evening of Friday, 17th December, after having been twenty-five days at sea, we were able to discern the electric light on the Australian coast, a distance of sixty miles. It is the most powerful electric light in the world. Such a hearty cheer as went up when it was sighted. Seen from that distance it looked like a faint red flame in the sky, a beacon light welcoming the Australians back to their native shores, and, I fancied, even sending forth a gleam of welcome to me, a stranger in a strange land. Any feeling of loneliness which I felt was at once dispelled by the hearty hand clasps from many of the passengers, welcoming me to their native country. On the morning of the 18th we slowly steamed into the harbor, which the New South Wales people are justly proud of, as there is only one other harbor in the world that can compare with it in beauty, and that is at Rio-de-Janeiro. While going slowly up the harbor I looked for the first time upon Australian shores, upon the world which was the first to raise its head above the waters, the land of gold, of promise, the home of the kangaroo and the swan, the land of flowers and palms, the seat of the new empire founded by the Anglo-Saxons under the Southern Cross.

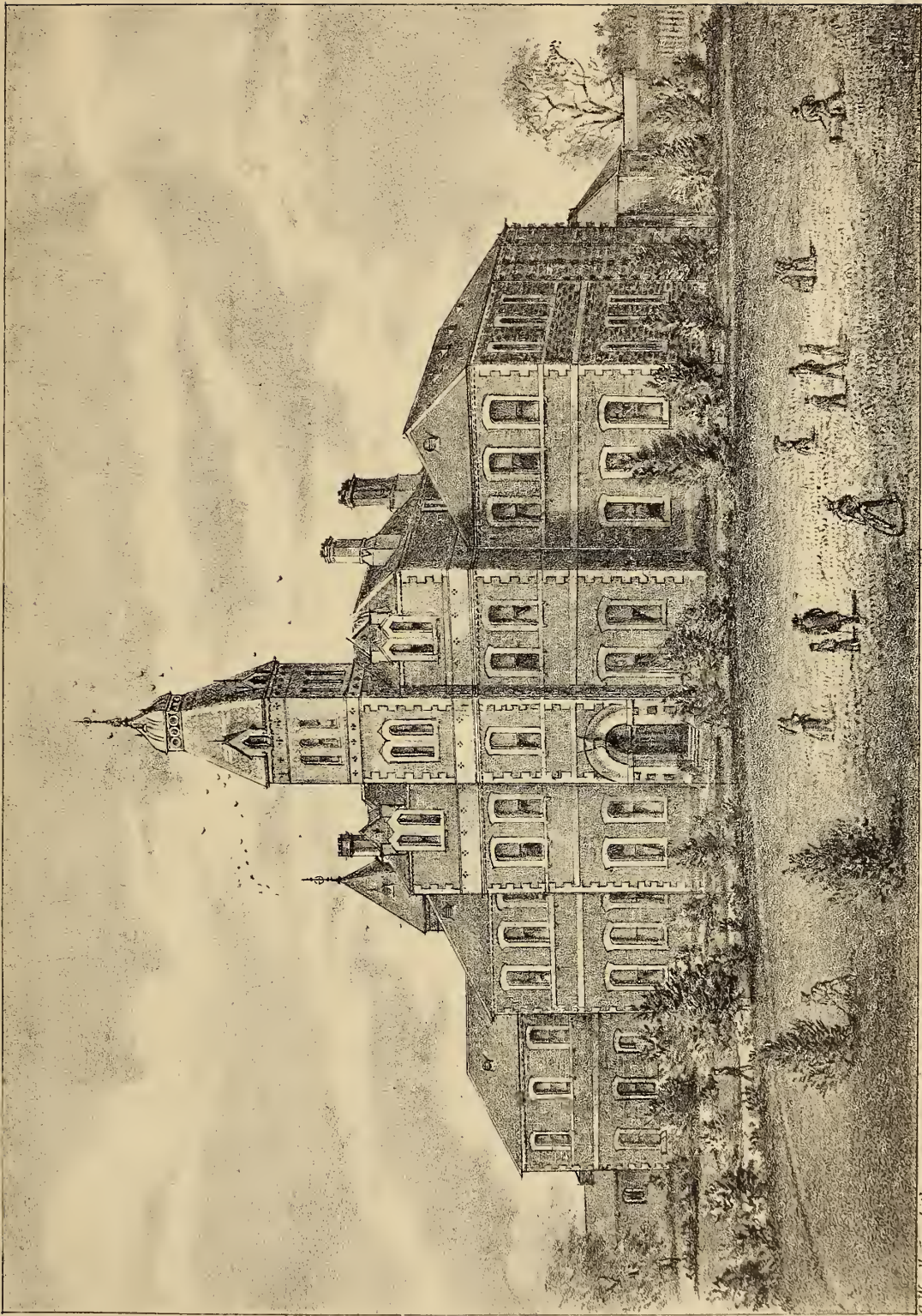
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## CHAPTER V.

THE entrance to Sydney harbor is alone worth the journey of 13,000 miles. To say that it is beautiful but faintly expresses it. It is magnificent. On entering the harbor there are two barren rocks, or cliffs, which seem to guard the entrance, and are called "The Heads," or "Sydney Heads." The waters dash around the base of these rocks in great fury during rough weather, but as soon as the ship passes through the entrance, a fairy scene is opened to the eye. There are innumerable bays which wind and turn, disclosing a thousand beauties, and as the vessel moves slowly along the waters, the beauty seems almost unreal, and the ship an enchanted one; but the dream of enchantment is ended when we arrive at the dock, and one is brought suddenly from the world of dreams to one of reality. After saying "good-bye" to my fellow passengers, many with whom I was sorry to part, I took a carriage and proceeded to the hotel, or club, in Sydney. The first thing which struck me as being wholly unlike America was the manner in which the hotels are conducted. Travellers will not find here a long "menu" from which to choose a dinner. There is an utter absence of "side dishes," or "made dishes," and at first it is rather startling, and the thought of starvation enters one's mind; but I will reassure my readers by telling them that if they have unwearied patience and are not troubled with bashfulness, and will resign themselves to the thought of growing old during the time which elapses from giving the order until it is filled, they will probably arise from the table—well, at least, not hungry. The least said about the cooking in Australia the better. It is neither English, American, German or French. Ye gods! imagine a French epicure at an Australian *dejeuner!*

Sydney is a fine city, with a population of 300,000. The University is the handsomest and most imposing building in any of the colonies, and cost \$750,000. It has a magnificent hall, in size equal to that of Westminster. There are six parks and beautiful botanical gardens, with tropical foliage. The Government House is a handsome building, occupied by the present Governor-General, Lord Carrington. The streets are rather narrow, but there is an appearance of solidity and wealth about the buildings, and one would naturally suppose they would look *solid*, as the walls are, in many instances, four feet in thickness; the partitions are also the same thickness. They could rightly be said to be "built





C. Woodhouse Lith.

Hamel & Ferguson Print

Asylum for the Blind  
ST. KILDA ROAD, MELBOURNE.





upon a rock," for the earth, or soil, or sand, owing to the absence of rain, is baked so hard that it is difficult to distinguish it from rock. There are some very beautiful buildings in Sydney, built of stone that somewhat resembles Ohio free-stone. But imagine, reader, stone buildings and stone pavements, and the heat at  $153^{\circ}$ ! I looked longingly at the numerous yachts in the bay, but, upon further consideration, thought I would submit to the heat and dust, as there is no place in the world where there are as many sharks as in Sydney Harbor, and if a boat capsizes there is little chance of being saved. There are many instances where unfortunate people have been seized by these hideous monsters. While in Sydney, in one day there were eleven sharks caught, and all lying on the beach. The impression Sydney made upon my mind is a strange one—it is of a city that was slowly being buried, as though the dust from some modern Vesuvius was accumulating and settling like a pall over its buildings and streets.

New South Wales was named by Captain Cook during his first voyage of discovery in 1770. The great English navigator fancied he saw a resemblance between the south of Australia and Wales, but the division of the territory into five governing centres has limited its application to the part occupied by the older colony. New South Wales is situated on the south-east coast of Australia, between the parallels of  $28^{\circ}$  and  $37^{\circ}$  south latitude, and the 141st and 154th meridian of east longitude. This colony is more than three and a half times the size of the island of Great Britain. It will give my readers an idea of the magnitude of this vast country when *one* colony alone is more than three and a half times the size of Great Britain.

## CHAPTER VI.

**N**UMEROUS descriptions have been given by travellers and explorers of the personal appearance of the aborigines of Australia, and the accounts vary considerably. The different tribes vary in color, as is found in all the various races in the continent of Europe. The shades vary, from a dark chocolate brown to the dusky black of the negro. The head is well shaped ; they have large, soft, lustrous eyes ; the body of medium size. The face is not agreeable to look upon. The under jaw is large ; the lips thick and heavy. In their natural condition they are found almost entirely dependent on the supplies of the forest to satisfy their daily wants, and when these become scarce through drought, they are reduced to the verge of starvation. Stone appears to be the only material used for making axes and tomahawks, and although living in a land noted for the richness of its earth treasures, they do not know the use of metals. They are much inferior in intelligence to the Maories of New Zealand ; in fact, I think they are the lowest in intelligence of any of the human race. They are very expert in the use of the spear, which they throw with unerring precision over one hundred yards. It is a most formidable instrument, about twelve feet in length, with a long blade, which is often jagged like a set of shark's teeth. They use the "woomarah," a string which from the part held by the hand traverses the spear to the butt end, which the string is passed over and brought back tight to the hand. This aids the propulsion, giving great force and greater velocity. They are very skilful in hurling the boomerang, which in the air will gyrate for a considerable distance, turn round at a certain angle—uncertain, as the beholder may deem it—and will unerringly, and with great force, strike the object at which they aim. In some parts of the country the boys and girls are betrothed when born, that is, the boys of one tribe are betrothed to the girls of another, and at puberty, the lubras—girls—are claimed by the "marked" young men. All the lubras are deficient of the two joints of the fore finger of the left hand, which at three months old is taken off by a hair ligature, being daily tightened till the joint drops off. When the joint is buried, the aborigines look upon it as a distinct person, which will become another native. The women are passionately fond of their children. They carry them on their backs, astride their shoulders ; then they hold on to the mother's hair, or on the hip. It is amusing to see the mothers stoop down, and how naturally mere infants climb



up and perch themselves on their mothers' shoulders. The young men, to denote them as marriageable, have marks scored on the shoulder or other parts of the body, or a front tooth knocked out. When the young men arrive at manhood the tribe assembles in some retired spot for a grand "corroboree," and with great festivities proceed to mark them. Many of the tribes practice circumcision, and they are all afraid of an evil spirit, which they term "Browl." Before retiring at night they make a light and hunt about, calling out "Browl," "Browl." Their mode of burial differs in different tribes. In the north the body is bound up in paper bark, smoked and placed in the branches of the trees, from eight to ten feet from the ground. It is left there during the wet season until the flesh is rotted. The friends then return and make a fire under the bones, which are collected and carried away. They never cultivate the ground, but are nomadic in their habits, and it is difficult to understand how they exist, with no clothing and no shelter beyond that of a bark placed against a log. They eat roots, grubs, worms, the larvæ of ants, land crabs found in the water holes, and fish. They are partial to snakes, lizards, and the iguana. They readily raise fire by rapidly turning round between the palms of the hands a stick sharpened to a point and inserted into a flat piece of hard wood, around which are dried leaves. The dress of the men consists of a girdle about an inch wide; the women adopt the same *severely plain style*.

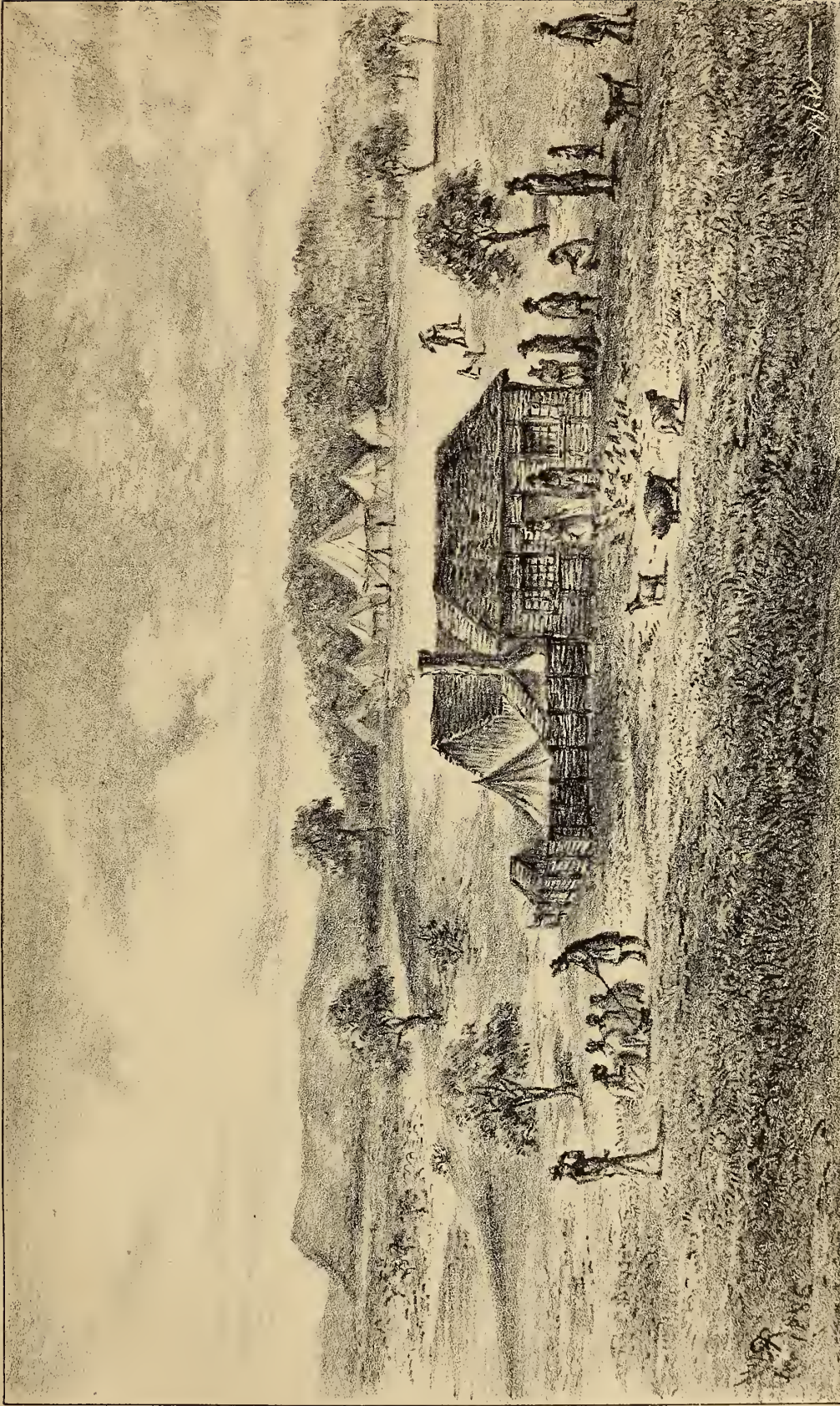
Men, women and children all wear a stick, about six inches in length, passed through the centre cartilage of the nose. In Queensland and the Northern Territory, in any settlement, one can see daily a dusky daughter of Eve lying prone on her face, while another happy child of nature is minutely investigating her sister's head, exactly as is the habit of the monkey, and woe to any unlucky parasite, should it not elude pursuit, for it literally becomes mince-meat! Many of the young girls just coming to womanhood are very pretty, are symmetrically poised, and walk majestically, their limbs never being trammelled with fashionable habiliments. A sable belle of Palmerston, who numbers fifteen summers, is very much admired, as she is not altogether deficient in accomplishments. In the most winning way she says, "Give me a banana," which being placed on the ground, she picks up with the great and second toe of either foot, passes it to her mouth, and proceeds to eat with the greatest ease. Many of the blacks of Queensland, the Northern Territory and Western Australia, are at the present time *cannibals*. A missionary informed me that at Moreton Bay, a boy having died, several men gathered round the body, removed the head and thick outer skin, which was rolled upon a stake and dried over a slow fire. During this

horrible ceremony the father and mother stood by loudly lamenting. The thighs were then roasted and eaten by the parents. The liver, heart and entrails were then divided amongst the warriors, who carried away portions on their spears, while the skin and bone, together with the skull, were rolled up and carried about by the parents in their grass bags. Within the last few months a number of Chinese miners in Northern Queensland have been killed and eaten by the natives! The natives are said to prefer Chinamen to white men, probably in consequence of the Chinese being saturated with opium; it serves as a sauce.

The land of the Southern Cross; whose dusky inhabitants, until a hundred years ago, were lulled to sleep by the waters of the South Pacific—the land of the fragrant eucalyptus and flowering wattle—we in thought go back to the time when the native blacks sat round their camp fires telling their weird tales, whispering in hushed tones as the darkness drew near; then, as the wild instinct arose, some outlet must be given to their savage natures, and the “corroboree” is called, the sacred fire is lit; then strange unearthly music reverberates through the forest, and hundreds of savages gather round the fire with bodies covered with clay to represent human skeletons; then begins their slow, monotonous dance, their arms moving, with bodies swaying, the droning, melancholy sounds echoing through the air, keeping time to the strange music; the music grows a little faster, the motions a little quicker, the rapid movements and wild music wilder; faster and more furious grow the sounds, the demoniac yells of the excited throng; the very air is filled with angry spirits; the black, gleaming faces of the revellers are worked almost to frenzy, until at last they drop exhausted, the fire burns dimly, and the wild savages are at rest in a solitude wilder even than their savage natures, more sombre than the dusky children she has brought forth.

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C. Woodhouse, Lith.

A

B

C

D

E

Hamel & Ferguson, Print.

## Commandants House Melbourne 1837

from the original sketch by Cap.<sup>n</sup> (afterwards Admiral) P. P. King, R.N., dated March 1837.  
**A** *Batman* **B** *Mount Macedon in the distance* **C** *Cap.<sup>n</sup> Hobson* **D** *H. M. S. Reilly's snake Feeding natives* **E** *Cap.<sup>n</sup> Lonsdale & child* **F** *Buckley*.

*The Governor is seen approaching with his private secretary,—his camp is in the distance.*





## CHAPTER VII.

IN the year 1860 a merchant of Melbourne offered \$5,000 for the furtherance of discovery in Australia, the Royal Society of Victoria undertook to organize an expedition for the purpose of crossing the continent; and collected subscriptions to the amount of \$17,000; the Victorian Government voted \$30,000, and spent an additional sum of \$15,000 in bringing twenty-six camels from Arabia. Very complete arrangements were made. Robert O'Hara Burke was chosen leader. M. J. Wills, an accomplished young astronomer, was sent to take charge of the costly instruments and to make all the scientific observations.

The stories told of early explorers are often sad, but I think the one of Burke and Wills the saddest of all. There were two other scientific men and eleven subordinates, with twenty-eight horses to carry the baggage. On the 20th of August, 1860, the whole party set out from the Royal Park, Melbourne, Burke heading the procession on a little grey horse. The Mayor made a short speech, wishing them God-speed; the explorers shook hands with their friends, and, amid the cheers of thousands of spectators, they moved off. The journey, as far as the Murrumbidgee, lay through settled country and was without interest, but at that place quarrelling began, and Burke dismissed Landells, who had charge of the camels, and secured the services of a man whom he met at a sheep station, by the name of Wright, to fill his place. Wright was wholly unqualified to fill this position, and was the cause of all the disasters which followed. On leaving the Murrumbidgee they ascended the Darling till they reached Menindie, the place from which Hirst had set out sixteen years before. Here Burke left Wright with half the expedition, intending himself to push on rapidly and to be followed up more leisurely by Wright. Burke and Wills, with six men, and half the camels and horses, set off through a miserable country, covered with a kind of grass which poisoned the horses. They came to Cooper's Creek, where they formed a depot and lived for some time, waiting for Wright, who, however, did not appear. But Burke grew tired of waiting, and as he was now near the centre of Australia, he determined to make a bold dash across to the Gulf of Carpentaria. He left one of his men called Brake and three assistants, with six camels and twelve horses, giving them instructions to remain for three months, and if within that time he did not return, they might consider him lost, and would

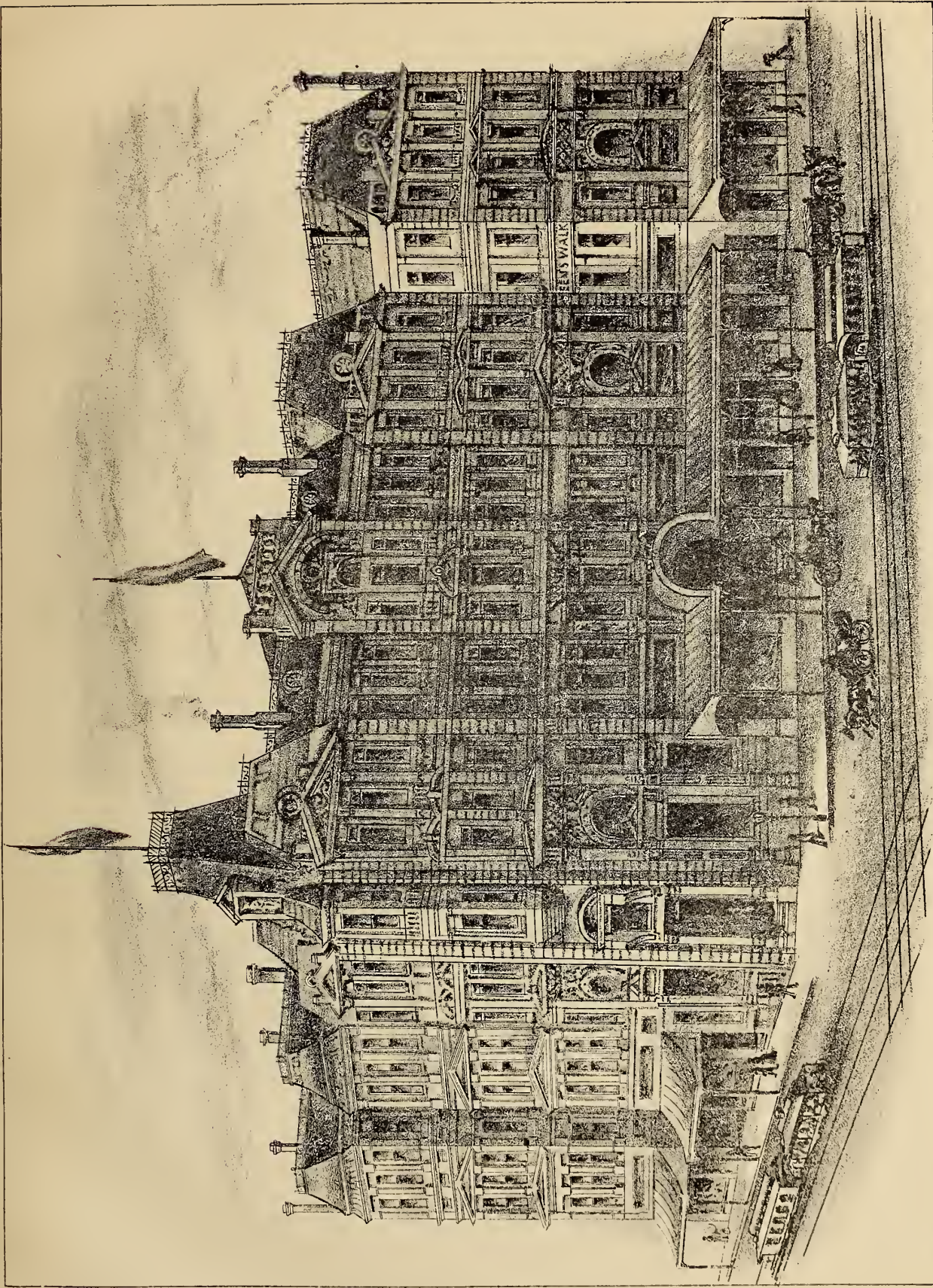
then be at liberty to return to Menindie. On the 16th December, Burke and Wills, along with two men named King and Gray, started on their perilous journey, taking with them six camels and one horse, and provisions to last for three months. They followed the broad current of Cooper's Creek for some distance, and then struck off to the north till they reached a stream which they called Eyre Creek. There they obtained abundant supplies of water, and kept along its banks till it turned to the eastward; then leaving it they turned due north through forests of boxwood, alternating with plains well watered and richly covered with grass. Six weeks after leaving Cooper's Creek they came upon a fine stream which they named "Cloncurry," and following its course they found it entered a large river, on whose banks they found the most luxuriant vegetation, and frequent clusters of palm trees. They felt sure that it flowed into the Gulf of Carpentaria, and, therefore, by keeping close to it they had nothing to fear. But they had brought only three months' provisions with them; more than half that time had elapsed and they were still 150 miles from the sea. Burke now lost no time, but hurried on so fast that one after another of the camels sank exhausted, and when all the camels had given out, Burke and Wills took their only horse to carry a small quantity of provisions, and leaving Gray and King behind, set out by themselves on foot. They had to cross several patches of swampy ground, and the horse becoming bogged, was unable to go further. Still Burke and Wills hurried on by themselves till they reached a narrow inlet on the Gulf of Carpentaria, and found that the river they had been following was the Flinders, whose mouth had been discovered by Capt. Stokes in 1842. They were anxious to see the open sea, but this would have required a couple of days, and their provisions were already exhausted, and they were obliged to hasten back as quickly as possible. The pangs of hunger overtook them before they could reach the place where King and Gray had remained with the provisions. Burke killed a snake and ate part of it, but he took ill immediately after, and when at last they reached the provisions he was not able to go forward as quickly as it was necessary to do if they wished to be safe. They recovered the horse and camels, which had been refreshed by the rest, and by easy stages they moved south towards home. But their hurried journey to the north under a tropical sun had told severely on their constitutions. Gray became ill, and it was now necessary to be so careful with the provisions that he had little chance of regaining his strength. One evening after they had come to a halt he was found sitting behind a tree eating a little mixture he had made for himself of flour and water. Burke accused him of stealing the provisions and gave him a severe



thrashing. He seems never to have rallied after this, and whilst the party moved forward he was slowly sinking. Towards the end of March they killed a camel, dried its flesh, and then went forward. At the beginning of April this was gone and they killed their horse. Gray now lay down, saying he could not go on. Burke said he was "shamming," and left him. But Wills' gentle counsel prevailed and they returned and brought him forward. But he could only go a little further; the poor fellow breathed his last a day or two after and was buried in the wilderness. Burke regretted his harshness, all the more as he was quickly sinking himself. Both he and Wills were utterly worn out; they were thin and meagre, and so weak that they tottered rather than walked. The last few miles were very, very weary, but, at last, on the 21st April, they came in sight of the depot, four months and a half after leaving it. Imagine their consternation on seeing no sign of the people about the place, and as they dropped down on the spot at sunset, their hearts sank when they found a note stating that Brake had left only *that very morning*, and was seven hours march away. The three men looked at one another in blank dismay; they were so worn out that they could not move forward with the hope of overtaking the party. On looking round they saw the word "Dig" cut on a tree, and when they turned up the soil they found a small supply of provisions. The party that had been left in charge of the camp had remained a month and a half longer than they had been told to wait, hoping for the return of Burke and Wills, but their own provisions becoming scarce, and no sign of the man Wright, who had been told to follow closely on, Brake thought it unsafe to remain there longer, and started off the very day poor Burke and Wills arrived at the camp, weary and hungry. On the evening they entered the camp, after having found the provisions at the foot of the tree, the three men, Burke, Wills and King, made a hearty supper; then for a couple of days they rested their weary bodies. But it was dangerous to remain long, for at the best the provisions would only last to take them safely back to the River Darling. Burke wished to go to Adelaide, because at Mount Hopeless there was a large sheep station, and he thought it could not be more than 150 miles away. Wills was opposed to this. "It is true," he said, "Menindie is 350 miles away, but then we know the road and are sure of water all the way." Burke could not be persuaded and they set out for Mount Hopeless. Following Cooper's Creek for many miles, they entered a region of frightful barrenness. Here, as one of the camels became too weak to go further, they were forced to kill it and dry its flesh. They followed the creek into marshy thickets, made a halt and found they had scarcely any provisions left, while their clothes were

falling to pieces. Their only hope was to reach Mount Hopeless as speedily as possible ; they shot their last camel, and whilst Burke and King were drying its flesh, Wills struck out to find Mount Hopeless, but no one knew where to look for it, and after trudging over the dreary wastes, he came back unsuccessful. A short rest was taken, and then they all started southward, determined this time to reach the Mount. But they were too weak to travel fast, and wandered on, day after day, over the dreary plains, and still no sign of a hill, till at length, within fifty miles of Mount Hopeless, they gave in. Had they only gone but a little farther they would have seen the summit of the hill, but just at this point they lost hope and turned to go back. Again a weary journey and they reached Cooper's Creek, but now with provisions for only a day or two. Burke said he had heard the natives of Cooper's Creek lived chiefly on the seed of a plant they called the nardoo, and if they could find a native tribe they might learn where to find the seed. Accordingly, Burke and King set out to find a native encampment, and finding one, they were kindly received by the blacks, who showed them how to gather the little black seeds from a kind of grass. They returned to Wills and began at once to gather the seed, but found that they could scarcely find enough for two meals a day by working from morning till night, and when evening came they had to clean, roast and grind it, and although it was nutritious for the blacks, it was not so for them. It made them sick and gave them no strength. It seems that fate was against them, for while they were at this place a party visited the camp, intending to bring them relief, but when they arrived there they saw no sign of them, although the unfortunate men had been there only a few days before. Burke thought that by this time a relief party might have reached the camp, and Wills offered to go and see if anyone was there. He started by himself, and after three or four days reached the place, to find it deserted. He could find no trace of its having been recently visited, and turned back again to share the doom of his companions. He now began to endure fearful pangs of hunger ; one evening he found an encampment that had been abandoned by the natives, and around the fire were some fish bones which he greedily picked. Next day he saw two small fish floating dead upon a pool, and they made a delicious meal for the poor fellow. He was rapidly sinking from hunger, when suddenly he met a native tribe. The black men were exceedingly kind ; one carried his bundle, another helped him along, and they led the gaunt and emaciated white man to their camp. They gave him a little food, and whilst he was eating he saw a great quantity of fish on the fire ; for a few minutes he wondered if they could possibly be for him ; at length they





C. Woodhouse, Lith.

J. J. Howard, Print.

## Bank and Business Premises

CORNER SWANSTON AND COLLINS STREETS MELBOURNE

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David Norman, Architect.





were cooked and a large supply set before him. The natives gathered around him and clapped their hands with delight when they saw him eat heartily. He stayed with them four days, and then set out to bring his friends to enjoy likewise this ample hospitality. It took him some days to reach the place where he had left them, but when they heard his good news they lost no time in starting to the camp of the natives. They were weak and travelled very slowly, and when they reached the camp the natives were *gone*. Their feebleness overcame them and they sank down in despair. All day they tried hard to prepare nardoo seed, but their strength was too far gone, and now it was a grim fight with starvation. Wills' mind began to wander, and he wrote a letter to his father, Dr. Wills, of Ballarat, saying, "I think I will live four or five days." Burke thought now that their only chance was to find the blacks, and he and King set out for that purpose. They did not want to leave poor Wills, but no other course was possible. They laid him softly within the hut, and placed at his head enough nardoo to last him eight days. Wills asked Burke to take his watch and the letter he had written to his father; the two men pressed his hands, smoothed his couch tenderly for the last time, and set out. There, in the silence of the wilderness, alone, with only the trees to sigh their regret, he died. Burke and King walked on their desperate errand. On the second day Burke lay down, saying he could go no further. King entreated him to make another effort; he dragged himself to a clump of bushes, where he stretched his limbs wearily. He asked King to take his watch and pocket-book, and if possible, to give them to his friends in Melbourne. He asked King to remain with him until he was dead; he would like some one with him at the last. He spoke with difficulty, but told King not to bury him, but to let him lie above ground with his pistol in his hand. They passed a dreary, lonesome night, and in the morning Burke's life was ended. King wandered for some time forlorn, but stumbled upon an encampment where the natives had left some nardoo seed.

When Wright and Brake returned to Victoria with the news that there was no sign of them at the depot, all the colonies showed their solicitude by organizing relief parties, to start at once, thinking they might still be alive. Queensland offered £500 to assist the search. In following the course of Cooper's Creek they were led to the district where Burke and Wills had died. Several natives brought them to a hut where King was sitting, pale and haggard, and wasted to a shadow. He was so weak that he could scarcely speak, but after a day or two of good food his strength slightly came back. They proceeded to the spot where the body of poor Wills lay, and

interred it decently. Then they found the thicket where the bones of Burke lay, with the rusted pistol in his hand, and wrapping a Union Jack around them, dug a grave. When King returned and related the sad story, the Victorian Government sent a party to bring the remains of Burke and Wills to Melbourne, where they received the melancholy honors of a public funeral, amid the general mourning of the whole colony.

I was much interested in this sad story, as some part of it was told to me on the ship on my journey across the Pacific, one of the passengers remembering well when the expedition started which ended so sadly. I went to see the monument, which stands on Spring Street, erected to the memory of the two explorers. It is a large monument, with the life-size figures of Burke and Wills. On each of the four sides of the pedestal is cut the four events in their journey—the triumphal start on one side, the return to the deserted camp, and the tree with the word “Dig,” and at last the death of the poor fellows. The letter which Wills wrote to his father I have seen in the museum at Melbourne.

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## CHAPTER VIII

**T**HE desire to possess gold is a strong—perhaps the strongest—passion in the heart of man. The hardships endured to get it seem almost beyond human endurance. I do not refer to speculators, to stock brokers, to railway kings, but to the men who started out with pick, shovel and pan, and dug the earth for this treasure—here, where mental acquirements were of no avail, but where physical endurance, patience and hardihood were the necessary characteristics.

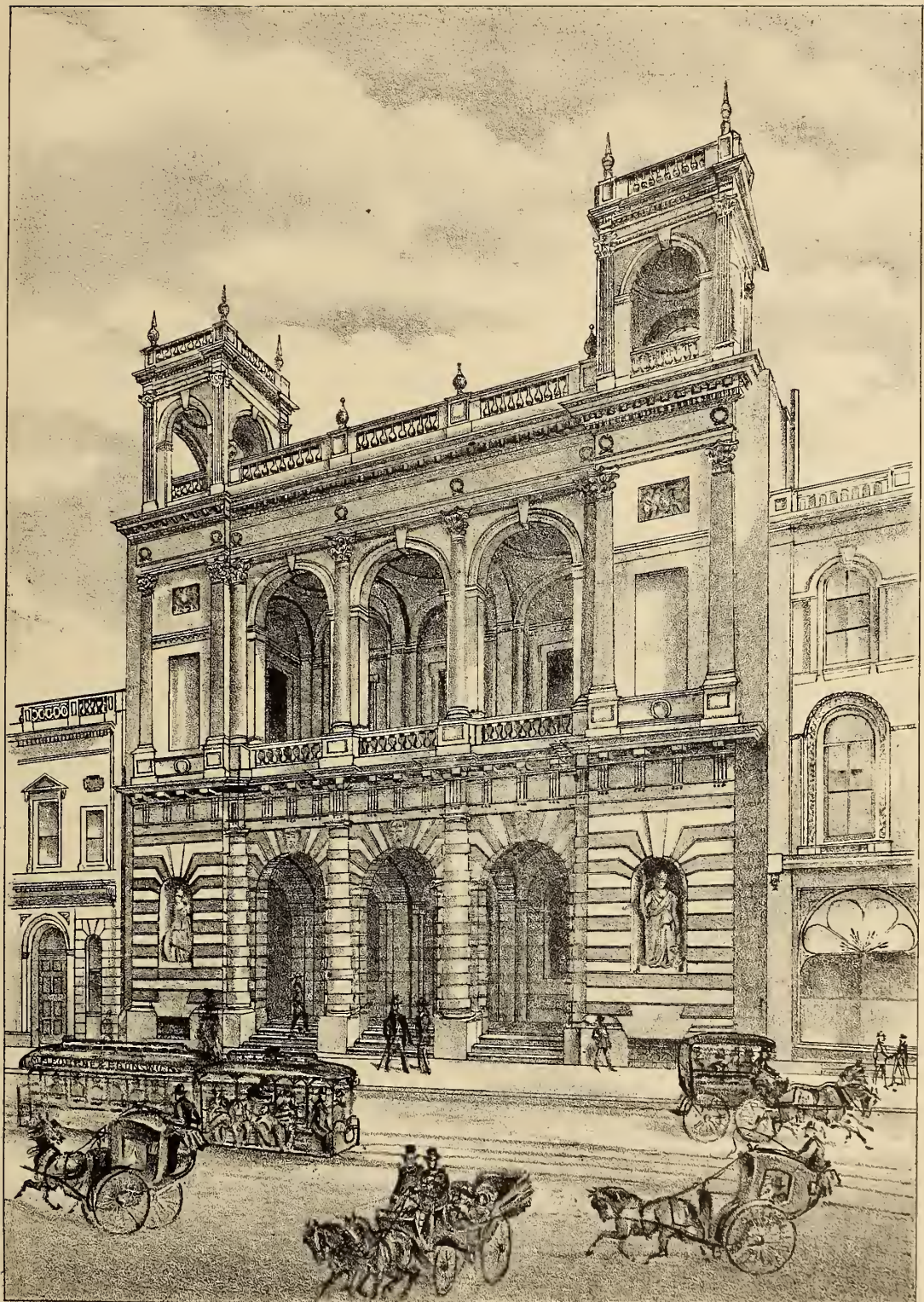
From the years 1844 to 1848 New South Wales experienced great depression. Hot winds and floods destroyed the crops and ruined the farmers. Among the most unfortunate of these squatters was Edward Hargraves. He had been in the colony for twenty years, and expected to be in a position of comfort, but this ruinous season dispelled his dreams. Just about that time gold was accidentally discovered in California. Hargraves made up his mind to try his fortunes in America, and embarked for California. After a great deal of hard work and disappointment he succeeded in coming upon some very satisfactory ground, but during his journeyings around the Sierras, he noticed that the California gold fields bore a singular resemblance to a portion of the Bathurst district in New South Wales. In the Sierras he noticed bold peaks of granite, while in the Blue Mountains of New South Wales the same characteristics were present. Even the color of the soil was the same. Hargraves thought to himself that if any faith could be placed in resemblances, gold fields certainly existed in Australia. He wrote to a friend in Sydney: "I am forcibly impressed that I have been in a gold region in New South Wales, within 300 miles of Sydney, and unless you knew how to find it you might live for a century in the region and know nothing of its existence."

He had a friend who tried to persuade him to remain in America, and said to him: "Do you suppose that you have only to go to Australia and immediately find out what all the geologists have been unable to discover? They have searched these mountains, and if they could have made their fortunes by finding a gold field, you may be sure they would have done so long before this." Hargraves was not at all convinced by his friend's argument, and started on his homeward journey across the Pacific. While on the ship he became eager and excited, and dilated to the passengers on his expectations. But they only shook

their heads and smiled sadly, and at last they came to the conclusion that the man was insane. After a few experiences of this kind he resolved to keep silence on the subject, perceiving how improbable his theory appeared to others.

In January, 1851, Hargraves arrived in Sydney, and proceeded to visit a few friends. He spoke of his plans, but they, too, treated him as a visionary. He was obliged to borrow money from men who regarded him with suspicion, and, although he promised to pay the debt in a few months, he was obliged to pay over a hundred per cent. for the loan of a few pounds, with which he bought a horse and a supply of provisions. He could not prevail upon any friend to accompany him, and being too poor to pay for assistance, he started alone on his journey to find the gold fields that he was sure existed, but which his friends thought existed only in his imagination. On the second day he began the ascent of the Blue Mountains by the Bathurst road. In front of him stood the tremendous rocks of the range, that seemed to bar all entrance beyond. On the other side of the plateau he passed through the Vale of the Clwyd, and descended the face of the cliffs by that alarming and extraordinary road known as Sir Thomas Mitchell's Pass. Beyond this lay the beautiful country occupied by the squatters of the Bathurst district, and on the next part of his journey travellers were more numerous. Inns were placed at intervals of ten or twelve miles along the road; but in every one of these places a general feeling of depression was evident. One of the inn-keepers was complaining of the state of depression in all the country, and Hargraves could not refrain from hinting at the object of his journey. "Do you know," said he, "that the reason I have come all the way from California is to change all that, and bring about a better state of affairs." On hearing his scheme the landlord could not forbear a smile of incredulity. He had heard of many foolish enterprises designed to raise the country from its depression, but this, he said, was the maddest project he had yet heard. Hargraves was not to be discouraged and resumed his journey. Owing to the denseness of the forest it was impossible to see far ahead, and in trying a short cut to Guzong, he lost his way in the bush. Darkness overtook him, and he groped about in the woods for several hours. At last he succeeded in getting the road again, and reached Guzong safely. But this little misadventure caused him to feel that perhaps he was not so well acquainted with the country as he had imagined. He was obliged to inquire for a guide to take him through the thick forest to the valley of Summerhill Creek, which was his destination. Mrs. Lester, the landlady of the Guzong inn, was much interested in the object of his expectations, although not hopeful about the result. She told Hargraves that her son





C. Woodhouse, Lith.

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knew the country well, and would be willing to act as guide. On the morning of February 12, 1851, Hargraves and his guide started from the inn on horseback, carrying a tin dish, a trowel, and a small pick. It was midsummer, when the almost tropical rays of the sun make the least exertion oppressive. They had a journey before them of great difficulty, for their way lay along the dry bed of the creek, across which trees, stones and rock were piled in great confusion. Not a word was spoken as they pursued their journey, for the mind of Hargraves was occupied by the most intense strain. He knew that the events of an hour or two would determine his destiny—whether he should figure before the world as a great discoverer, or as a disappointed visionary. At length, after fifteen miles of arduous travelling, Hargraves espied a portion of the country which had so long been present to him in visions. His memory had not deceived him, for there were the slates, the trap rocks, and granite, while all around he could see heaps of gravel and pieces of quartz. The journey had almost exhausted his strength, and in spite of his excitement and eagerness, Hargraves quietly sat down on the grass. He pointed to the banks of the creek, saying, “Now, at last, we are in the gold fields; in a short time I shall test whether they are worth anything or not. Meanwhile, the first thing to be done is to make dinner.” They turned their horses loose and prepared a rude meal, which they ate in silence. But Hargraves could not long maintain his calmness. He swallowed his food as quickly as possible, and, springing to his feet, he seized the implements. In front of him he saw a bank of red earth and clay, mixed with half-formed stone and slate. Having scratched off the surface with the pick, he brought out a little earth and gravel with his trowel. Then, placing it in the pan, he went to a water hole, mixed it up and washed out the earth. There, at the bottom of the pan, he could distinguish just one small grain of gold. “There it is,” he exclaimed, and showed it to his companion. They washed out five panfulls, and in four of them they found gold. “This is a memorable day in the history of New South Wales,” said Hargraves, as he stood with the dripping prospect pan. Then he exclaimed: “For this day’s work I shall be created a baronet, you will be knighted, and my old horse will be stuffed with straw and sent to the British museum!” The youth took this seriously, as he acknowledged afterwards; for it seemed to him that the man who could find gold in such a wilderness could bring about almost anything. After a long day of hard work and excitement, they returned, very much exhausted, to the inn, where Hargraves immediately wrote a memorandum relating what had occurred during the day. He intended to give this to the Colonial Secretary, but he wished to determine first the extent

of the area in which gold could be found. Next day he set out again. They had eighty miles to travel before reaching the Macquarie River. Hargraves hastened on his work as much as possible, for he was already beginning to be troubled with that nightmare of all discoverers—the dread of being anticipated in the important announcement. Hargraves made his way to another district further on towards the interior, which he remembered as bearing a close resemblance to a gold field. Having travelled a distance of more than 100 miles from Bathurst, he arrived at Dubbo, and here he visited a friend whom he knew, named Cruikshank. The house of his friend stood immediately in front of a stream called Mitchell's Creek, and Hargraves boldly asserted to him that he would find gold within twenty yards of the door. The man was utterly incredulous, but Mrs. Cruikshank was eager for a trial. They stepped out of the doorway, and Hargraves, after washing a panful of earth, showed them, to their astonishment, several small grains of gold. The woman was delighted, and in a few days she had gathered enough gold to make several rings, which she kept as a memento of the discovery of the Australian gold fields. Hargraves had now seen enough to convince him of the importance of his discovery, and set out on his return journey to Sydney. On being shown into the office of the Colonial Secretary, he produced a small box full of fine gold dust, and stated that it was the produce of a few days' work in a district which he had discovered in New South Wales. Mr.—afterwards Sir Edward—Thomson received his statement with suspicion, and candidly told his visitor that he could not believe any such report. In the early days of settlement a convict had been flogged for having, as he himself admitted, tried to pass off some brass as a nugget of Australian gold. And on several subsequent occasions the Government had nearly been duped into giving rewards for pretended gold discoveries. Above all, the Colonial Secretary reflected that the eminent geologists, Stryelecki and Clarke, although aware of the existence of auriferous quartz throughout various parts of the colony, had never given any hints of genuine gold fields such as those of California. "It is very hard for me to believe that a gold field can possibly exist in New South Wales," said he. "Surely these geologists would have discovered it before this time. And besides this," he added, "you must remember that as soon as Australia becomes known as a gold-producing country, it is utterly spoiled as a receptacle for convicts." Hargraves assured him that he was not to be deterred by any consideration of that sort. If the convicts and gold fields could not exist together, then so much the worse for the convicts. And he certainly did expect the Government to reward him for so important a discovery. He desired the



Government to give him, as soon as he should prove the existence of a gold field, the sum of £500 as compensation for his trouble and outlay. The Colonial Secretary closed with his offer, and the Government geologist was deputed to accompany Hargraves and ascertain whether his reports were true. About thirty men followed the two travellers. The excitement of the crowd was intense when they reached the Macquarie, and Hargraves showed the geologist that the soil was richly impregnated with gold. Immediately pans and cradles were in request, and so profitable was the ground that within two weeks about £10,000 worth of gold had been unearthed. In Sydney the news created the wildest confusion. Men whose faculties had lain dormant for years, now started into activity. Some started for the gold fields prepared to work hard; others had no idea that hard work was required. Some of them shouldered a shovel to lift up the gold, and a bag to carry it home, and thus equipped, went forward to make their fortunes. The consequence was that many were grievously disappointed. Hargraves was appointed Commissioner of Crown Lands at a salary of £300 per annum. The Parliament of New South Wales voted him the sum of £10,000, inclusive of the £500 which he at first received. Victoria added to this sum £2,500. In addition he received testimonials from citizens of Sydney and Melbourne to the value of £1,000. He was honored as a benefactor to his country. I am indebted to Mr. George Sutherland, M. A., for the above facts. All the letters which passed between Hargraves and the Parliament can be seen in the museum at Sydney.

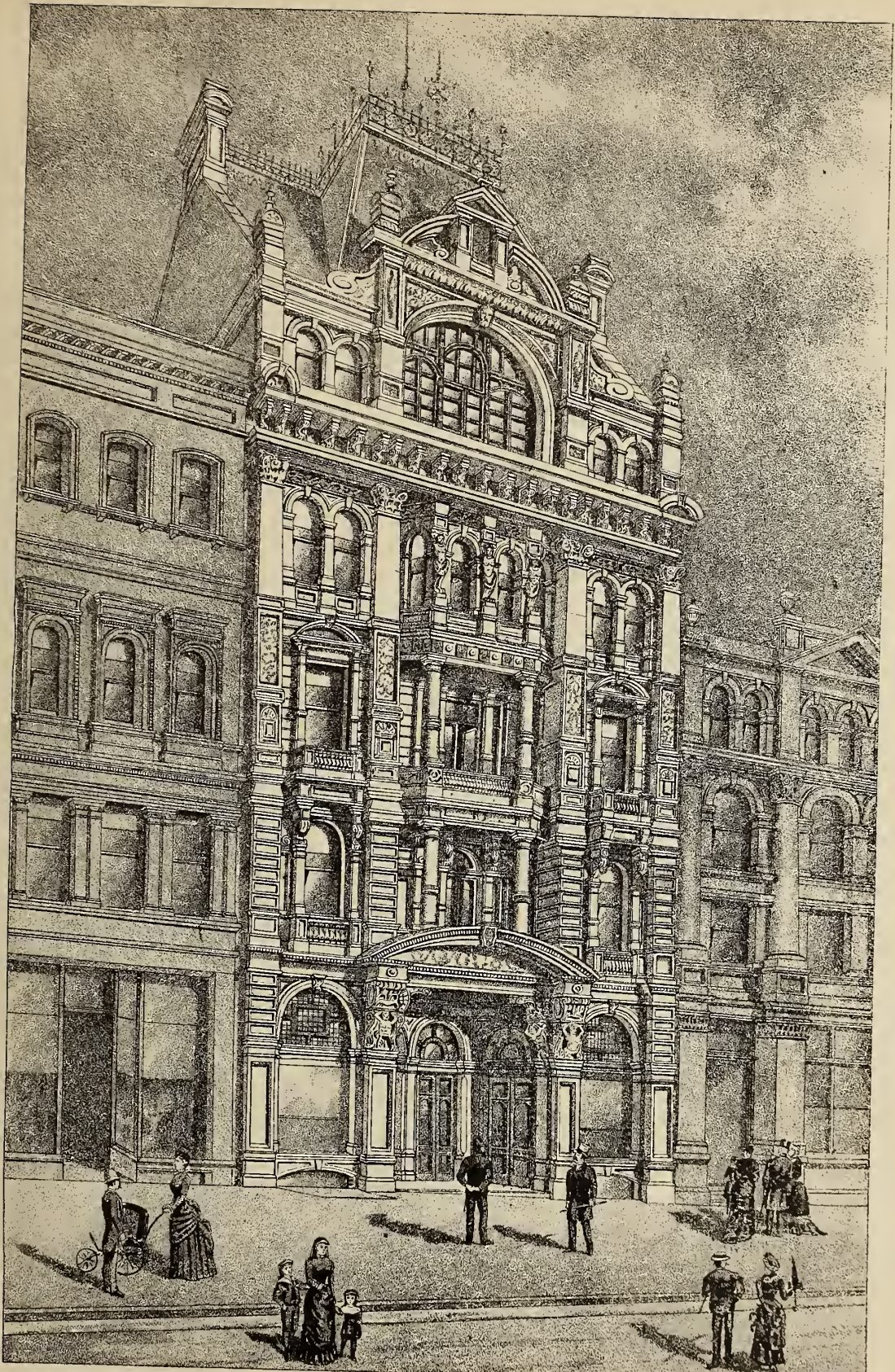
In the same year in which gold was discovered in New South Wales it was discovered in Victoria, the southern portion of Australia, by a man named Esmond. Near the place where the city of Ballarat now stands has been found the largest amount of gold ever yet discovered in the world. The facts in relation to these gold fields are exciting in the extreme. In 1862 two men arrived in the district, very poor. Their names were Deeson and Oates. They selected a place for operation, and erected a puddling machine, driven by horse-power. During the first two or three years they were rather fortunate. They unearthed a nugget worth about £100, and then another valued at £400. They were now above want, but then came four years of very bad luck, and in 1869 they found their money entirely gone. They could get no credit at the stores, although they were sober and industrious. On Friday, February 5th, Deeson sent to the store for a bag of flour, promising to pay for it in a few days. It was refused. Having no money, he found for the first time his family in actual want of bread. After fifteen years of hard work, they were worse off than on their arrival. When they went to work that morning they were both in a savage mood, for

their land was nearly worked out ; the farther they went upward the less gold they found. Deeson plied his pick in some hard, brick-like clay around the roots of an old tree, breaking up fresh earth and tearing away the grass from the surface of the ground. He aimed a blow at a clear space between two branches of the roots, and the pick, instead of sinking into the ground, rebounded as if it had hit upon quartz or granite. "Confound it!" he exclaimed, "I have broken my pick." A minute afterwards he called out to Oates, and told him to "Come and see what this was." It was a mass of gold cropping several inches out of the ground. As it was disclosed to view the men were lost in amazement at its enormous size. It was over a foot in length, and nearly the same in width. Their joy was great, indeed. Here, after years of toil and actual want, their fortune was found. It was unsafe to keep the nugget with them, and still more dangerous to carry it to Melbourne, a distance of 100 miles. So they stopped at the London Chartered Bank, while a large crowd gathered around. Deeson stepped into the bank, and having requested to see the manager, asked him "How much would you give for a lump of gold as big as your head?" The manager ordered him out, thinking he was drunk, but seeing the crowd at the door, he stepped out and looked into the cart. His tone altered immediately and the two diggers were requested to enter. When the nugget had been deposited on the floor of the banker's room, the amount of pure gold was 2,268½ ounces. The sum given for it was nearly \$50,000. They named the nugget the "Welcome Stranger." The model, or cast, is in the museum, which I looked at with a great deal of curiosity, after hearing the history and struggles of the two men who found it. The nugget was found at Moliagul.

There are large quantities of gold being found at the present time at all the principal gold fields—Ballarat, Sandhurst, Eaglehawk, Creswick, Malden, Arrarat and Walhalla. Nuggets are sometimes found, varying in value from \$50 to \$10,000. Two new alluvial gold fields have been recently discovered, namely, Kimberly, situated in the northern part of Western Australia, and Tetulpa, in South Australia. A silver mine, said to be the richest in the world, has been discovered at Silverton, New South Wales. The out-put of silver from this mine averages 80,000 ounces a week. Rich silver mines have recently been discovered in the northern part of Queensland.

Diamonds have been found at Kingara and the Cudgegong River in New South Wales, in the Ovens district, and several places in the vicinity of Beechworth, in Victoria, and in the beds of several of the tributaries of the Gilbert River, in Queensland. Nine hundred and twenty diamonds were found at one





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mine at Kingara. Rubies, sapphires and garnets are found in several of the gold fields. Agates are found in the creek beds of the Gilbert River district in Queensland. Opals, emeralds and amethysts are found in Western Australia in the Kimberly districts. The superstition in regard to opals seems to be unknown in this country. I have seen more opals in one jeweller's window in Melbourne than ever before.

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## CHAPTER IX.

EVERYONE, on arriving in Australia first, has a curiosity to see the kangaroo, an animal that is found in no other part of the world except Tasmania. I can remember, when a child, in my natural history lessons, looking with great interest at the picture of a kangaroo, and all readers know that it is marsupial and carries its young in a bag or pouch, which is at the breast; and, in time of danger, it is amusing to see the little ones spring into this pouch and the mother jump away with them, for she does not run, but jumps, on her hind legs only. They are the most gentle-eyed creatures in the world, and in the Zoological Gardens, where many of them are kept, they come up to be fed, and submit to being stroked, while looking at you inquiringly with their large, soft eyes.

There are several large varieties of these strange animals. The *forester* is the largest, standing six feet, and weighing one hundred to one hundred and forty pounds. The *brush* is the size of a sheep, and the *wallabi* is rather larger than a cat. The curious little creatures, the kangaroo rat and the kangaroo mouse, are diminutive animals of nocturnal habits. The kangaroo has become a nuisance to squatters, and hunting parties are organized to shoot them; as many as a thousand have been shot in a day. Their mode of defence is striking with the hind feet, which are very powerful. At the extremity of the foot there is a long, sharp claw, and woe be to the unwary dog that goes within reach, for, when brought to bay, it strikes a powerful blow.

A gentleman was telling me, who had been on a hunting expedition, that shooting the young ones was by no means pleasant, as their cries resemble that of a young child in distress,—a plaintive cry that, he said, sounded in his ears for days after. The skin is used for leather, and, when left with the hair on, makes rather pretty rugs.

The birds are very numerous, and the plumage beautiful, but one misses the musical notes of our northern birds. The emu is to be found here. In size, form and habits it is very like the ostrich. It is swift in flight and very wild. The eggs are large and of a deep green color. There are a few ostrich farms here. Some of these immense birds stand six feet in height. Some of the feathered tribe are remarkable for the singularity of their notes. There is one called the coachman, or whip bird, which has a note like the crack of a whip;



another the bell bird, about the size of a sparrow, "rings out a peal like village chimes." The most remarkable of all is the bird called the laughing jackass, which almost startles one with a laugh that is sardonic, satanic and satirical.

The magpie, the most mischievous of birds, is easily taught to speak, sing and whistle. Then the gorgeous parrots, paroquets and cockatoos are very numerous. The bird of paradise is a most beautiful bird. Among the birds of prey there is the vulture, so fierce that when pressed by hunger it will attack the natives themselves, but it is rarely seen. The white eagle is more common and is about the size of a goose. The cockatoos live to a great age. A gentleman in New South Wales had one that was in the family one hundred years. There is the pelican, a very ugly looking bird ; it is about three times as large as a goose, and has an immense bill. Altogether, it is the ugliest thing in the shape of a bird I have ever seen. While I was looking at one, part of that beautiful poem, "From Death to Life," came to my mind :—

"Have you heard the tale of the Pelican,  
 The Arab's gemel-el-bahr,  
 That lives in the African solitudes  
 Where the birds that live lonely are ?  
 Have you heard how it loves its tender young,  
 And toils and cares for their good ?  
 It brings them water from fountains afar  
 And fishes the sea for their food.  
 In famine it feeds them—what love can devise !—  
 The blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies."

\* \* \* \* \*

Then there are numbers of that most graceful of all birds, the swan. There is the white and black swan to be found here, and again these lines came to my mind :—

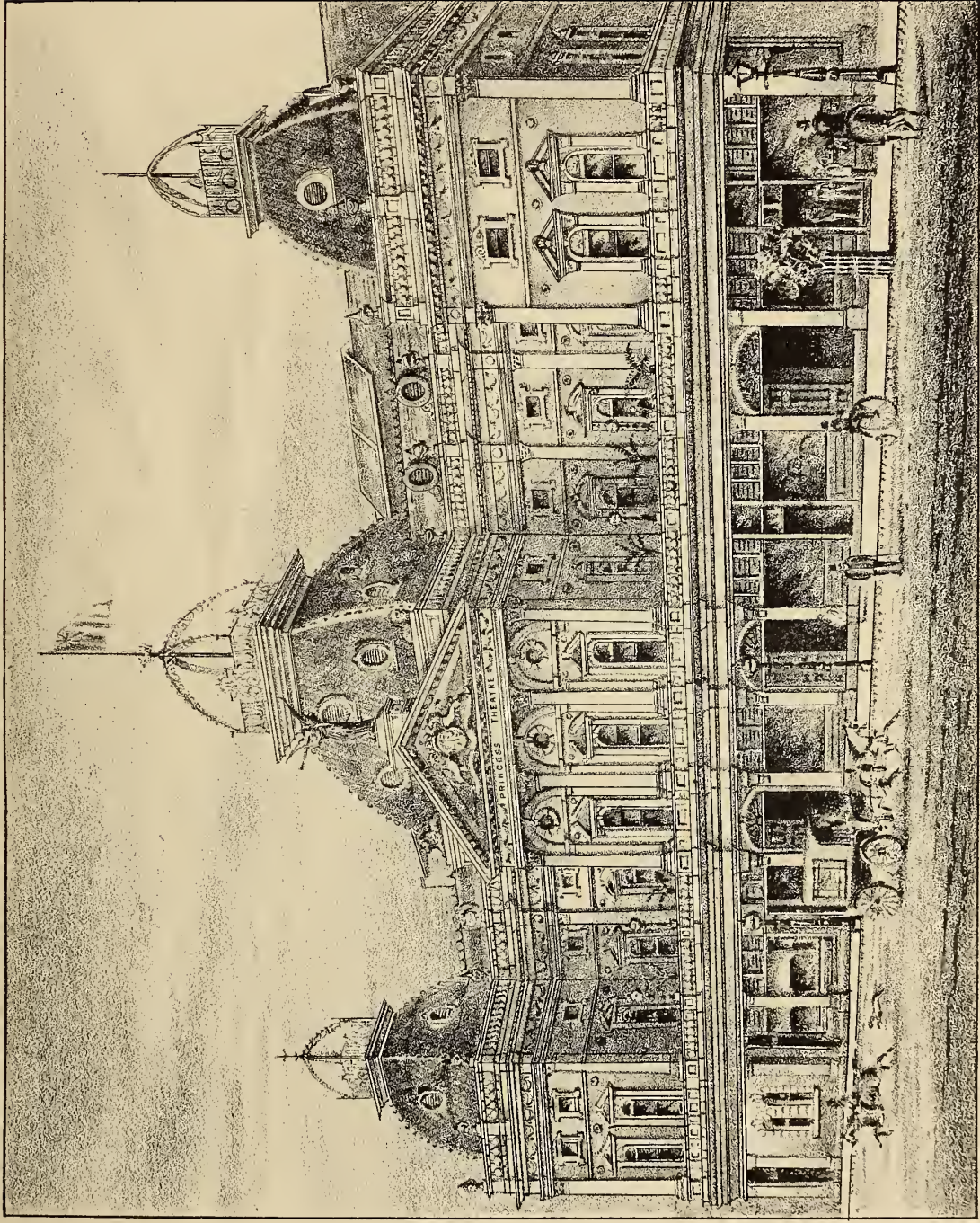
"Have you heard the tale they tell of the Swan—  
 That snow-white bird of the lake ?  
 It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave ;  
 It silently sits in the brake.  
 For it saves its song till the end of life,  
 Then, in the soft, still even,  
 'Mid the golden light of the setting sun  
 It sings as it soars to Heaven,  
 And the blessed notes fall back from the skies ;  
 'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies."

## CHAPTER X.

**T**HERE is one animal in Australia that deserves special mention, although it is difficult to know how to classify it, as it is neither flesh, fish, nor fowl. Scientists have puzzled their brains for some time over this strange thing called the *Platypus*. When first discovered it was sent to England to the naturalists for classification. But the scientific men of that country said "the Australians were playing a practical joke on them; that they had sent an animal with fur on, and had stuck the bill of a duck on to it, and that it was *not well stuck on either*. But they afterwards discovered that nature had fastened the bill on, and it does look as though she had left her work in an unfinished manner. I have looked at the strange animal with a great deal of interest, and it is the only thing I have seen that could, to my mind, substantiate Darwin's theory, for here is an animal that is certainly undergoing a great change. What the *original* was it is difficult to determine, but what it is now—its habits and peculiarities—has been discovered. It is part bird, part animal, and part fish. It looks like a small beaver that has borrowed a duck's bill for masquerading purposes. The animal is small, brown and velvety, with most beautiful fur, not unlike seal skin. The fur is used for all purposes that ordinary fur is used for. It is found in almost every river in Victoria, New South Wales, and Tasmania. I saw an article in one of the Australian papers in regard to the manner in which the platypus suckles its young. I give it to my readers as it was written:—

"The puzzle now seems to be to account for how the young platypus manages to suckle. It will be seen, upon examination, that the bill of the platypus overlaps, that is, the top projects some distance over the lower. This prevents it from being able to attach itself to the breast of the female; and as there is no teat whatever, not even a bare spot on the breast, it is obvious that there must be some other means for the young to procure the milk. There is no possible difference in the fur on the breast from that on the back, and no sign of mammary glands to be detected by the naked eye. However, if a female with young is taken and pressed firmly in the hand, holding the breast upward, the milk will exude on to the breast on both sides between the front and back flappers or fins. The milk is exceedingly rich, and will not run off the fur. The mother, to give her young milk, lies on her back, and, by pressure of nerves on the milk glands,





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W. PITT, ARCHITECT.





causes the milk to exude on to the breast fur, whence it is sucked up by the young. This is the true solution proved by observation."

The eggs of this strange animal are about the size of pigeons' eggs. It has been proven that it lays *eggs* and *suckles* its young. Truly an interesting "link" in natural history.

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## CHAPTER XI.

I WILL not attempt to describe all the trees, or flora, of Australia, as it would require a book of no small dimensions, so numerous and varied are the varieties. There is the great family of the eucalypti, or gum tree. As a fever preventative the qualities of this tree are well known. The native cherry tree attains a height of about twenty feet. The peculiarity of the fruit formation is that the stone grows on the *outside* of the cherry. The tree fern, one of the most beautiful specimens of the vegetable world, is found in all its luxuriance in the upper part of the river valleys in the coast districts, and in the gorges and ravines of the mountain regions. I wish I had space to describe to my readers the beauty and varieties of the ferns to be seen in Australia. From the delicate maiden-hair to the tall sturdy fern tree, there is a gradation that furnishes study for the botanist and pleasure for the lover of the beautiful. There are fern trees which grow to the height of ten and some twenty feet. Imagine a fern tree with its waving fern fronds overhead, while at your feet creep the green, feathery, delicate sprays of maiden-hair.

The gigantic nettle is one of the singular trees indigenous to Australia. It is found in the scrub jungles of the coast district, where it reaches a height frequently of 100 feet. The leaves are large, and on the under part there is a poisonous fluid. The sting from this fluid is very severe, and horses and cattle have been known to die after coming in contact with it. The acacia is well represented. Over a hundred species have been discovered. The Australian oak, of which there are various species, is to be found in different parts of the continent. There is a variety of palms. The cabbage palm attains a height of 120 feet. The young embryo leaves are soft and very pleasant to the taste. They are cut out of the young trees and used as food by the aborigines. When roasted it is quite palatable.

Among the most beautiful flowers to be found in Australia is the orchid, of which there are many varieties. The magnolia trees are extremely beautiful. The exquisite lily tree, which grows to a height of twelve feet, with its wax-like flowers, is almost perfect in its delicate coloring. But, notwithstanding the beautiful trees and flowers which are to be found in Australia, the landscape effect is monotonous. I miss the running brooks and mossy banks of my own country, the autumn tints of our Canadian forest, for here in Australia the grass



is brown and scorched with heat, and in many instances there are miles and miles of sand, and one can imagine one's self in an Arabian desert. Farther on can be seen the seared grass and eucalyptus trees, with their gnarled and twisted branches, that look as if nature had made an effort to see into what strange, contorted shapes she could form a tree. These trees always make a strange impression on my mind—as though I was looking at a human being, deformed, writhing in pain, with long arms, twisted and contorted in agony.

The long periods of dry weather constitute the most dreaded feature of Australian life. In some parts of the country three years have been known to pass and no rainfall. Sheep die by hundreds, and the squatters are ruined financially. Then again the rain falls in torrents, sweeping everything before it, bridges and houses, and frequent loss of life has occurred from these freshets. The most oppressive feature in connection with Australian life is the hot wind. It is not unlike the sirocco which visits Italy and other countries in the south of Europe. It is difficult to write about the temperature, for I think it the most capricious temperature in the world. The changes through which one passes sometimes in a day are astonishing—rain, heat and cold. In January of this year—1887—in Melbourne, the thermometer stood thus: Thursday, 97° in the shade; Friday, 98°; Saturday, 99°; Sunday, 104° in the shade and 153° in the sun. At Rockhampton, Queensland, it was 125° *in the shade*. Water boils at 212°, but I think blood boils at 104°, as I am certain that mine did that terrible Sunday.

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## CHAPTER XII.

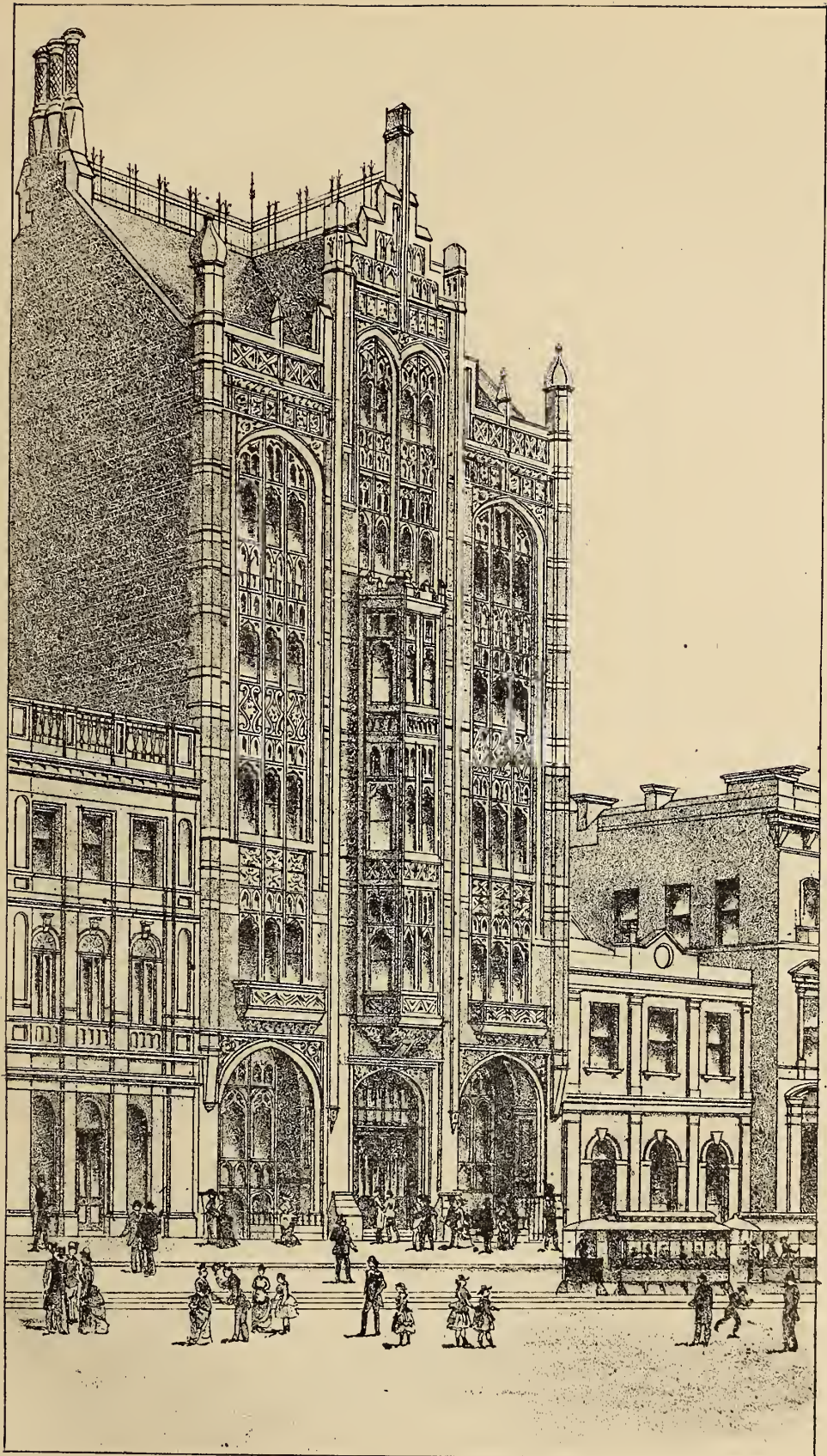
**S**OME of the natives or aborigines of Australia possess a faculty or art—one scarcely knows how to name it—which is truly wonderful. They might well be called human blood-hounds, for if put on the track of a criminal, they hunt him down with an instinct that is marvelous—over sandy hard roads where a white man fails to discern the faintest trace of footsteps, through tangled forests, across streams until the fugitive, criminal or thief is found. It is necessary to keep them isolated, or, at least, in their savage state, for by contact or association with Europeans they lose this strange faculty. The Government is just awakening to the advantage of this strange gift, and many of the natives are employed for the purpose of tracking criminals.

Just a few days ago a man in this colony—Victoria—was riding on horseback and was stunned in some way, falling from his horse, where he lay for some time. Partially recovering, he wandered into the bush in a semi-conscious state and was lost. Here let me tell my readers that there is no place in the world where one can get so inextricably tangled as in an Australian bush. The friends of the missing man started in search, many people assisting who were familiar with the bush, but they could find no trace of him. They were about to give the man up for lost, when as a last resort they put the “black-trackers”—as they are called—out, and in a short time they discovered him.

A few years ago a banker went to the gold diggings to buy gold from the miners. After purchasing he started homewards, but was murdered by the wayside. His horse and carriage were found, the vehicle showing signs of a struggle, as it was bespattered with blood. Putting the “black-trackers” on the road, they showed them the track of the carriage wheels, and following up the trail with unerring instinct, they came to a shanty occupied by two men, about twenty miles from the scene of the struggle. The men were arrested on suspicion, but none of the gold could be discovered. The house was searched and at length pulled down, but still no trace of the gold. The “black-trackers” were observed to go round and round an old stable, that was built by putting four posts in the ground. They stopped before one of the supports, pointed downwards, and upon lifting the post the gold was found underneath.

The two men were convicted and hanged for the murder. I could mention hundreds of instances of their skill, which seems almost supernatural. Perhaps they possess the long-talked-of and much-discussed *sixth sense*.





NEW BUILDINGS IN COLLINS ST FOR C. H. JAMES ESQ.





It seems almost incredible, while looking around on this fair land, that it was at one time the refuge of the convict, the home of England's worst criminals, the scene of horrors which make the flesh creep to mention, where the sound of the lash was daily heard as it descended on the bare back and shoulders of the prisoners, many of whom died from the terrible treatment they received.

For many years New South Wales was a settlement for criminals. The beautiful city of Sydney was at one time only a criminal depôt. New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land and Norfolk Island were the penal settlements. After being sent from England, on their arrival in New South Wales, for fresh misdemeanors and crimes committed there, the worst of the prisoners, the most lawless and ungovernable, were transferred to Norfolk Island. It was the convict's hell; once there hope left them. The very name was a terror to them. The prisoners were treated as brutes, not as human beings; the worst part of their nature was aroused, and after a length of time they degenerated into mere animals. The usual mode of punishment was to place the prisoner on a triangle with the feet fastened with thongs at the base of the triangle, the arms extended and the bare back turned toward the man who held the "cat," and the refinement of cruelty was reached when the warder compelled one prisoner to flog another. Hundreds of instances occurred where prisoners died from the effect of the flogging, died like dogs bruised and beaten to death. I leave it for my readers to decide which was the most culpable, the transported criminal or the brute who flogged them to death. The convicts were, many of them, undoubtedly of the worst type, but did ill-usage ever, from the beginning of the world, tend to improve, soften, or reclaim a human being? In many instances little boys were sent out from England for some slight offence, sent to herd with the hardened criminal, to listen to the groans and curses in the "Kingdom of Hell." They too were beaten and flogged until life became unbearable, and many times their bodies were found where they had thrown themselves over the cliff to escape the lash. Here is an extract from "His Natural Life," by Marcus Clarke:—

Sylvia was resting on a bench that, placed at the summit of a cliff, overlooked the sea. While resting there she became aware of another presence, and, turning her head, beheld a small boy with his cap in one hand and a hammer in the other. The appearance of the little creature, clad in a uniform of grey cloth that was too large for him, and holding in his withered little hand a hammer that was too heavy for him, had something pathetic about it.

"What is it, you mite?" she asked.

"Me thought you might have seen him, mum," said the little figure, opening its blue eyes with wonder at the kindness of the tone.

"Him! Whom?"

"Cranky Brown, him as did it this morning. Me and Billy knowed him; he was a mate of ours, and we wanted to know if he looked happy."

"What do you mean, child?" said she, with a strange terror at her heart; and then filled with pity at the aspect of the little being, she drew him to her with sudden womanly instinct and kissed him.

"Oh!" he said.

Sylvia kissed him again.

"Does nobody ever kiss you, poor little man?" said she.

"Mother used to, but she's at home. Oh, mum," with a sudden crimsoning of the little face, "may I fetch Billy?"

And taking courage, he gravely marched to an angle of the rock and brought out another little creature, with another grey uniform and another hammer.

"This is Billy, mum," he said. "Billy never had no mother. Kiss Billy."

She felt the tears rush to her eyes. "You two poor babies!" she said. And then forgetting that she was a lady, dressed in silks and laces, she fell on her knees in the dust, and folding the friendless pair in her arms, wept over them.

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When Sylvia went away Tommy and Billy put into execution a plan which they had carried in their poor little heads for many weeks.

"I can do it now," said Tommy. "I feel strong."

"Will it hurt much, Tommy?"

"Not so much as a whipping."

"I'm afraid! Oh, Tom, it's so deep! Don't leave me, Tom!"

The bigger boy took his little handkerchief from his neck and with it bound his own left hand to Billy's right.

"Now I *can't* leave you."

"What was it the lady that kissed us said, Tommy?"

"Lord, have pity on these two fatherless children," replied Tommy.

"Let's say it, Tom."

And so the two babies knelt on the brink of the cliff, and raising their bound hands together, looked up at the sky and said, "Lord, have pity on we two fatherless children!" And then they kissed each other, and "did it."



There is a great variety of snakes in Australia, many of them poisonous. The most to be dreaded is the death adder. The name is suggestive, for the bite is always fatal. It is not more than two and a half feet in length, thick, and does not taper gradually towards the tail like other snakes. It is a dusky brown with grey spots, and looks like a dried branch. Will stretch itself motionless on the ground, and never turns aside to avoid a person, but is never the assailant, and will not bite unless trodden upon, or in self-defence. But people are frequently bitten, as it lies so still, and looks so much like a dried branch, that people step upon it, and discover too late that they have been bitten by the dreaded death adder. The unfortunate one does not try remedies, as in ordinary snake bites, as it has been proven useless. The only thing is to wait for death, which occurs generally within thirty minutes after being bitten.

The black snake is poisonous and about four or five feet in length. This one will not wait to be trodden upon, like the death adder, before it attacks, but frequently makes the attack. Fortunately its bite is not so fatal as that of the death adder.

The whip snake, long and slender, of greenish tint, is poisonous, but its bite seldom fatal. There are many varieties of water snakes, all exceedingly venomous, and some very large, with tails flat.

The green snake is venomous, but not dreaded.

The tiger snake is one to be dreaded, as its bite is very poisonous.

The diamond snake destroys by strangulation, bite harmless, length from eight to eighteen feet.

There are more poisonous snakes in Australia than any place in the world except India, but fortunately there are few people bitten, unlike India, where statistics show more deaths from snake bites than from any other casualties. I have seen a very good picture painted by a young Australian artist, called "An Unwelcome Visitor." It is a bush scene, in which a man has been disturbed by the sight of a tiger snake just near him. The horror on the man's face is clearly depicted, while the unwelcome visitor is admirably executed.

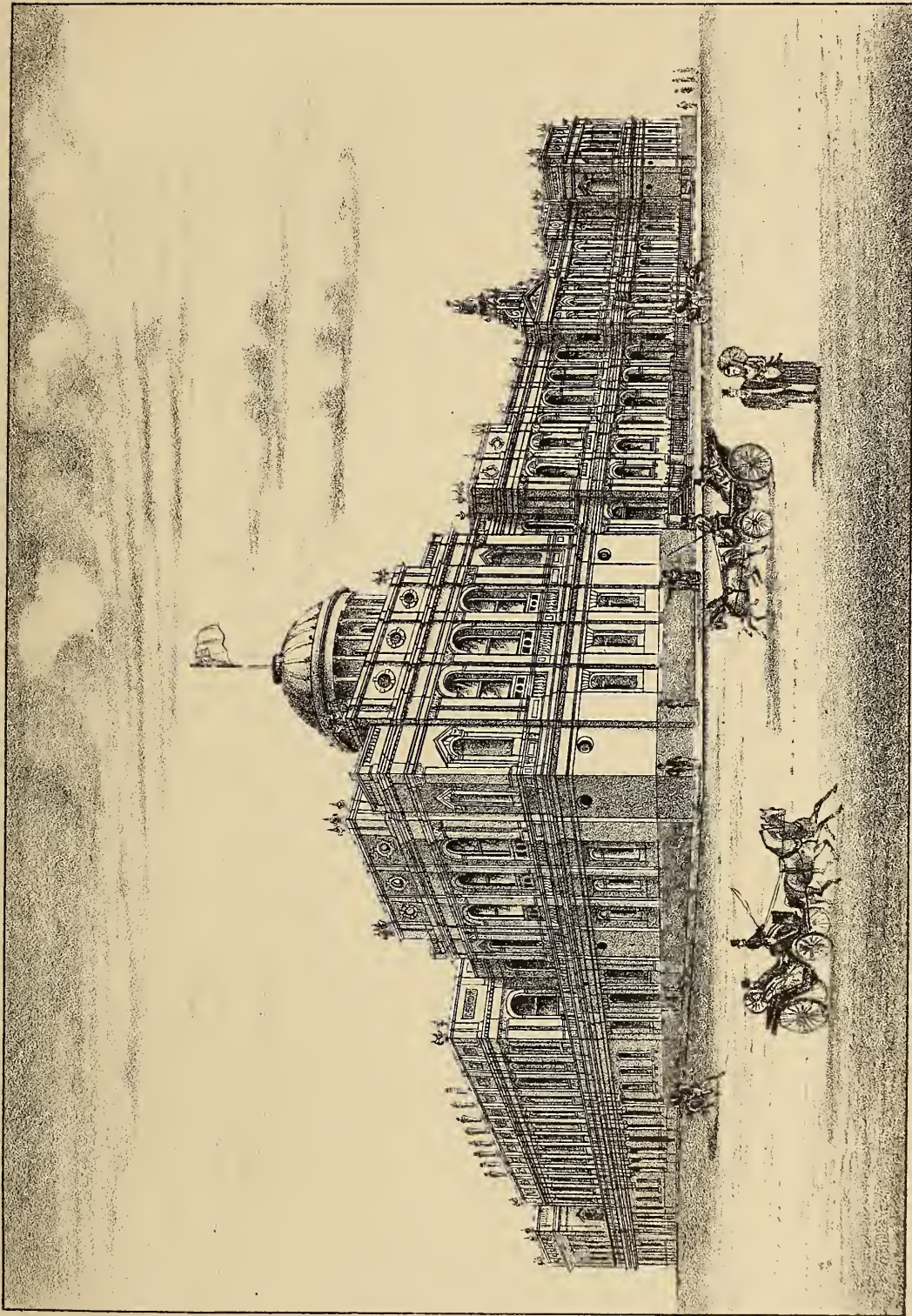
### CHAPTER XIII.

**M**ELBOURNE, the capital of Victoria, has a population of 371,000, but the large suburbs take the resident population from the centre, and the "correct" thing is to reside in either Toorak or St. Kilda, both fashionable suburbs. Trains run into the city from St. Kilda every ten minutes. It is difficult to imagine Melbourne a "new" city, yet it is barely fifty years old. It seems incredible that such a city could be built in so short a space of time. Even to Americans, who are accustomed to the "newness" of everything, Melbourne cannot fail to cause astonishment. But let my readers banish all thought of comparing it to the so-called "cities" of western America. There are no cheap, wooden buildings that look as though a wind would carry them away, but everything is solid and substantial, and looks more like Chicago than any place I can compare it to. The streets are block paved, and there is an excellent system of cable cars; the pavements are flag stoned; the principal streets ninety-nine feet in width. I will mention here, *en passant*, that owing to the climate, the buildings are *toned down* and have an appearance of age. Government House, architecturally, is not a thing of beauty, but it is large, and the grounds are magnificent. It is occupied at the present time by Sir Henry B. Loch.

There is a beautiful aquarium in the grounds of the Exhibition building, where lovers of the "finny" tribe can see strange and beautiful specimens of exquisitely tinted little creatures of the ocean world. The new Houses of Parliament, now in process of erection, will be very imposing.

There is a splendid University, handsome churches, coffee palaces and fine hotels; and in speaking of hotels, there is one thing that I think everyone born in America will agree with me in, that is the objection to the system of employing bar-maids in all hotels and saloons. It is useless trying to get accustomed to it. A woman looks strangely out of place behind a bar, selling liquor to men. No matter who the woman may be, ever so low, ever so degraded, there is generally a trace of womanly grace or feminine softness about her, but this practice seems to me to rob her of every trace of gentleness and grace. In nearly all hotels they are employed; many of them are very pretty, and if they were in America a number of avenues would be open for them to gain a livelihood, but here in Australia fewer ways are open to women. There is the domestic servant, the





*Hamel & Ferguson, Litho.*

**LAW COURTS**  
MELBOURNE





sewing girl and the bar-maid. The position of the bar-maid is pecuniarily a better one than that of servant or sewing girl.

There are a number of beautiful theatres in Melbourne, the most charming one being the "Princess." It is the most beautiful bijou theatre in the world. New York or London have nothing to compare with it. Only in Paris can anything so beautiful be found in the way of a theatre.

Australians are great lovers of the play, and Melbourne is the greatest theatre-going place in the world for its population, and they are passionate lovers of music. An Italian opera company is here now—brought out from Italy—which gives the finest compositions of the best composers, and the house is filled nightly.

The Botanical Gardens are marvels of beauty. There, where everything grows with tropical luxuriance, the small bushes become trees, and it looks strange to northern eyes to see plants on which so much time and care are spent in Canada, growing into tall trees. The oleander grows to the height of fifteen feet. A rose bush is a rose bush no longer; in this country it becomes a tree. And then the most beautiful of all, to which I cannot help referring again, is the fern tree.

There are several handsome streets in Melbourne—Elizabeth, Flinders, Swanston, Bourke and Collins, the two latter being the principal thoroughfares. Collins is the fashionable street, where the beauty and wealth congregate in the afternoons to "do the block." The ladies of Melbourne dress well and handsomely, much more expensively than the ladies of Canada, and in better taste than those of America. They evidently have an artistic eye for harmony, for here you do not see women looking as though they had purchased their clothes from a second-hand clothing store. That is, they do not wear a dress of one color, a hat of another, gloves of a different shade, and so on, but if they dress in white they are sensible of the harmony of color, and dress in *all* white; if in black, *all* black; if in grey, gloves, hat, parasol, ribbons, are *all* grey. Like Parisienne women, they are particular that everything shall *match*. Even though they may wear an *outré* color, it will not offend the eye, because it will all harmonize. But they lack the *individuality* of dress which characterizes the American women. In America women have come to understand that the same fashion can not be adopted by the tall, the stout, the fair and the dark. But in Melbourne, although taste in color is allowed to have scope, the manner in which the garment is made will not change. If it is fashionable to have a skirt or costume elaborately trimmed, everyone follows that rule. The æsthetic maiden and the portly dame

all appear in garments made precisely the same. The cook, the bar-maid, the serving girl, the lady of leisure, all the same cut of garments. But they have the advantage of Canadians in the idea of harmony, that is, their gloves, dress, hat, etc., are one color. A theatre or opera house in the evening in Melbourne is a very pretty sight, as the ladies *all*, or nearly all, appear in evening dress. It is a rare thing here to see a lady at a theatre except in evening dress. Many Canadians have adopted the custom of Americans, in going to a theatre with hats or bonnets on, oftentimes making it impossible to see the stage. Here such a thing would not be allowed. There is a cloak room for hats, cloaks and bonnets. The theatres are not built like American theatres. In Australia the orchestra chairs are the stalls, and are the second best seats in the house. The first seats are in the parquette, which is raised much higher than in America. There is a different entrance to each. People who do not dress and wish low priced seats, take the stalls, but I have not seen any lady in the parquette except in evening dress, since my arrival in Australia, and it is a much prettier sight than the street dress worn by many Canadians and nearly all Americans.

The Zoological Gardens are well worth visiting, and many strange animals are to be seen there : animals from India, Japan, America and Africa, tropical birds and poisonous snakes, and, much to my amusement, a Canadian *goose* has been given a large plot of ground, is labelled, and looked upon as one of the curiosities. A *goose* is nothing in his own country, but remove him from his *plebeian* surroundings, take him to a strange country, put him in a zoological garden, labelled, and he really assumes a dignity hitherto undreamed of.

I visited the museum in connection with the University of Melbourne, and found there a world of wonders. Three or four days could be profitably and pleasantly spent among the dry bones of this animal world of curiosities. The first thing which attracts the attention outside the museum is the skeleton of a whale, *ninety feet* in length, which was caught a short distance from Melbourne, at Port Philip. The huge monster became stranded on the beach and could not get off, and the result was that its bones are now one of the curiosities of the museum. Probably most of my readers have read of the *Moa*, the wonderful bird which at one time belonged to New Zealand, but is now extinct. It has been extinct for many years, for even the Maoris had never seen it. When New Zealand emerged from the ocean, the moa came with it. Some writer has said that "it was a bird that required a country by itself," and retired when smaller animals appeared. Think of a bird *fifteen feet in height!* The large ostrich is but a pigmy in comparison. It is wingless and tailless, with immense strong,



heavy feet, and powerful legs. "Its bony skeleton is the best lecturer upon natural history—more impressive than all lecturers that ever opened mouth and labored away for hours to tell us what these dry bones say in their grand silent language." While looking at the huge skeleton the words came into my mind, "For there were giants in those days." The giants have passed away, belonged to another age; the mastodon, the moa, have had their day, have served their purpose; nothing remains to tell the story but the dry bones and eyeless sockets.

During my stay in Melbourne, the greatest land "boom" that has ever risen in any country, has risen here—a veritable South Sea Bubble. Land has sold for fabulous prices. On Collins Street several large blocks sold for \$10,000 a *foot*. One block, which cost \$250 fifty years previous, was disposed of for \$2,500,000. At a distance of three and four miles from the heart of the city land is selling at from \$1,000 to \$3,000 a foot.

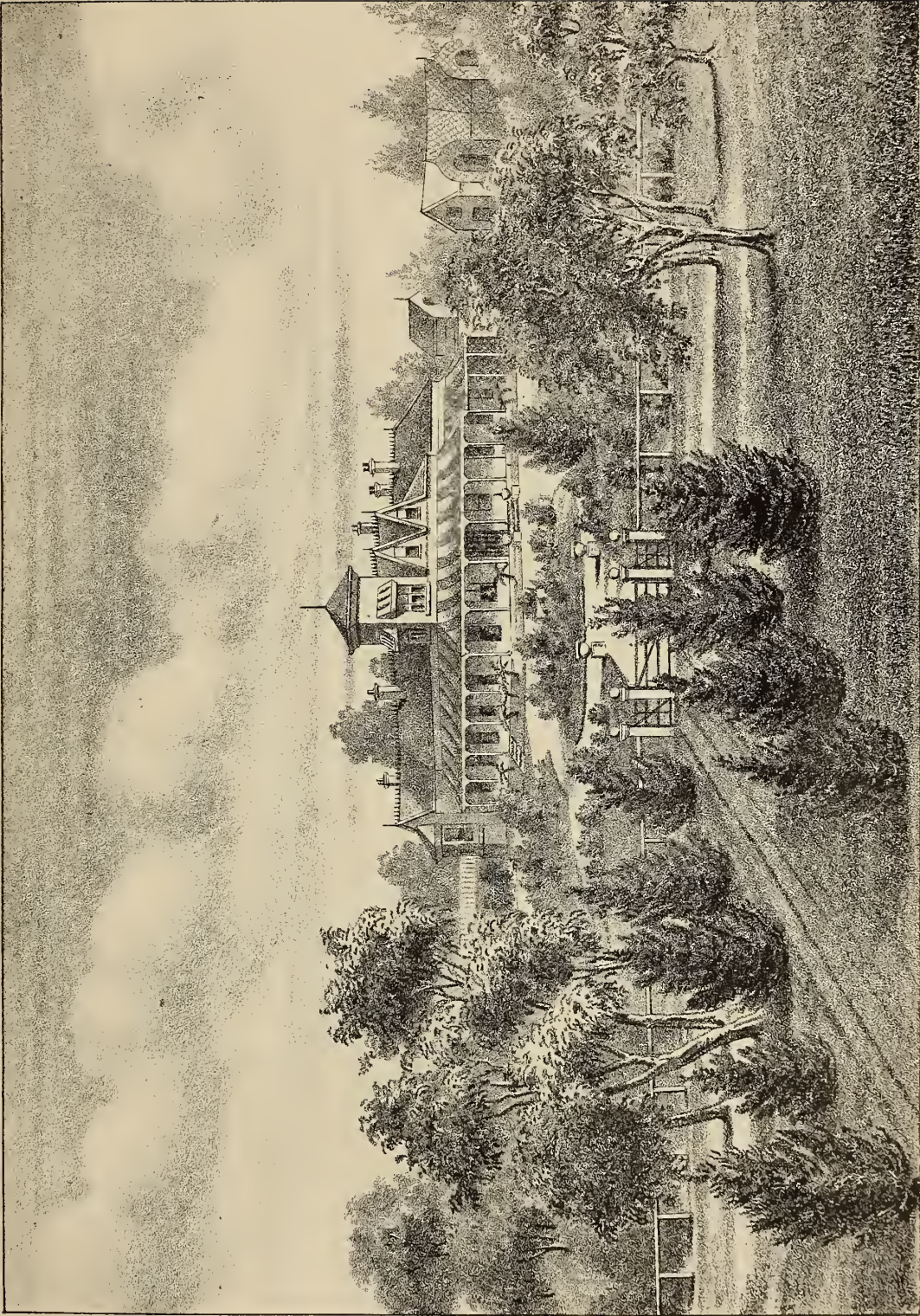
M. Comellant, one of the Commissioners sent out from Paris to the Exhibition at Melbourne, was dining at the French Club. His health was proposed, and, in returning thanks, he dwelt upon the pleasure he had received from his visit to Melbourne and upon the apprehensions indulged in by his family when he set out upon what appears to be such a formidable journey to most Parisians. One excellent lady of his acquaintance remonstrated with him on the impropriety of going so far from home at his time of life, as he might possibly lay his bones in an Australian grave. "But," said the speaker, "I have since assuaged her anxiety in that point, for I have apprised her by letter that land is so awfully dear in Melbourne, that I could not afford to buy even so small an allotment as a grave, and therefore I must return to France to die on the mere ground of economy."

Some colossal fortunes have been made, notably by Sir W. J. Clarke, Baronet, Sir James McBain, Mr. G. W. Taylor, Hon. M. H. Davies, Hon. C. H. James, to all of whom I am indebted for kindness shown me.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE beautiful Flemington race-course is the scene of many an exciting race, and the great gala day is when the Melbourne Cup is being contested. On that day all the wealth, fashion and beauty congregate at the famous race-course. The grand stand, which accommodates 10,000 people, is filled with handsomely dressed ladies. Cloak rooms, retiring rooms, etc., are nicely fitted up for the accommodation of the people. At the last "Cup" race there were about 150,000 persons present, and more than \$1,000,000 changed hands at the course. I had the pleasure of seeing one of the most exciting races that had ever been run, when the beautiful little horse "Trident" won the Australian Cup by about half a head, from his rival, "Nelson," both horses being valued at nearly their weight in gold. At that race the owner of "Trident" won \$30,000 in about *four minutes*. After the race was over I went down to the paddock, and it was a pleasure to see the slim-limbed, thorough-bred creature, with nostrils red and quivering, and I thought of Kit Carson's ride and the magnificent 'Pachè. Even the most phlegmatic individual can not suppress an exclamation and shout of enthusiasm during a race at the Flemington course. The steeple-chase is the most exciting, for the jockeys often get terrible tumbles. In the short space of four months six riders have been killed. In England, during the steeple-race, the horses are not run full speed, but "take" the hurdles quietly; while in Australia the horse is not slowed down before taking the leap, but jumps while going at full speed. One can imagine that the rider's chance of escape is very small if a horse falls, which it frequently does. It is a sickening sensation to see horse and rider go down, at the rate of speed in which they run. One hears the exclamation of horror, and the question, "Is he killed? Is he killed?" and sees the involuntary shudder running through the whole assemblage. The jockeys in Australia are not a "bad lot" by any means; they, too, are a class by themselves, and give to the Australians a great deal of pleasure and excitement. The "bookies" are another distinct class, and any dishonesty on their part disqualifies them for life; any failing to pay their betting debts their license is taken from them. The laws and rules of the turf are very stringent. At the present time Lord Deerhurst—the Governor's Aide—is having some difficulty with one of the "bookies," the noble lord having refused to pay a betting debt. At the last race which I attended among those present were Sir H. B. Loch,





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“Wynnstay”  
RESIDENCE OF G.W. TAYLOR ESQ. J.P.





Lady Loch, Lord Carrington, Lord Deerhurst and Lord Sandhurst, allowing the tuft-hunters and "toadies"—which, like other vermin, are to be found in all countries—an opportunity to "grovel."

*En passant*, I will say that the dresses which are worn at the "Cup" are put on exhibition in the window of a fashionable draper a week or two previous to the race.

A number of women were sitting near me at the race, and I was much amused at the comments they made, and their criticisms of costumes worn by other women. "There is Mrs. ——. She always wears that dress to the races. I have seen her here *twice* with that same dress. There is Miss ——. She don't look well at all—falling off wonderfully. There is a dress; see, it is perfectly horrible; and there is Mrs. — with a dress which looks just like one I had made in Paris. But there is Lady —; *she* looks well; *so* refined; *so* lady-like; always looks well in anything." I pondered long over this latter part of the conversation, and wondered much whether that same garment put upon plain *Mrs.*, instead of Lady —, would have looked so well in the eyes of these women.

There is a beautiful promenade in front of the grand stand, and after each race, while the "books" are being made, the ladies take the opportunity of showing their handsome toilettes. At the race in which "Trident" won, the distance was two and a quarter miles in four minutes and four seconds. All the races here are run on the "turf," or greensward, the horses all being without shoes while running.

If the literature of a country is an index to the character of its people, then Australia must have a population of warm-hearted, frank and generous persons. Although the country is young, it has produced more writers than Canada. One writer's memory—that of Marcus Clarke—is fresh in the minds of Australians, and all feel a pride in his writings. He died poor—as most literary people do—about five years since. His widow is living in Melbourne, and a charming woman she is. After his death the Government gave her a position, which affords her and her seven children a modest competence. The work which gave him his reputation—"His Natural Life"—is a story of the early convict days in the colony, a book which no one can read unmoved. It is said that the characters were all taken from life, and by many people it is ranked with Dickens' best efforts. For pathos it is unequalled, and reminds me forcibly of "Les Miserables," Victor Hugo's best work. The book sells well in England, and I think every Australasian has read "For the Term of His Natural Life."

The writer's own life would be well worth writing, one in which tragedy and comedy were strangely combined. Always poor, many times arrested for debt, writing at his story late into the night, addicted to drinking, making friends easily, he produced one of the saddest of all sad books.

B. L. Farjeon is an Australian. Many people have mistaken him for an Englishman, but he is an Australian, born and bred. Several of his best stories were written here, but, strange to say, they were not appreciated, so he went to London, where his reputation was at once established, and where he is at present. Nearly everyone has read his "Blade o' Grass," "Little Griff," and his London story, "Great Porter House Square."

J. Kingston, whose letters appeared in the *Argus*, has written a most interesting book called "The Australian Abroad." It is a book of travel, and unlike many works of travels, is not dull. The writer gives an interesting sketch of Egypt, India, the Holy Land, Java, New Zealand, and other countries. He is at present travelling, and will no doubt write another soon.

Mr. Julian Thomas, who writes under the *nom de plume* of "The Vagabond," to whom I have referred in an early part of my book, should be read by all lovers of strange truths.

John Lang has written some clever books of early colonial days. A. F. Morrison has written "Sketches in Russia," giving a description of that country. There are other Australian writers, but I have mentioned a few of the best. Among the poets are Kendell and Adam Lindsay Gordon. Many of my readers will be familiar with Gordon's poems, which are worthy of more than a mere passing mention. His wild, weird, strange style cannot fail to make an impression upon the mind. There is a tinge of sadness running through all his poems, and there is an exquisite beauty in his alliteration—

"And sickly, smoky shadows through the sleepy sunlight swim."

The "shadows" gathered around him, and he was found in the heather near his home with a bullet from his own rifle in his brain.

In America, when we speak of a squatter, the term applies to poor people who are given a small piece of land, on which they drag out a miserable existence, as a rule. In Australia the squatters are the wealthiest class of the community, many of them having a bank account of half a million pounds sterling. It is to this country that the impecunious earl or lord of England sends his still more impecunious son to "gather in" the shekels and the daughter of the wealthy squatter.



During a season of drouth one squatter has lost as many as 80,000 sheep, and the thing most desired is rain, as the lack of it means ruin, while a downpour ensures a fortune, the profits on an average station being—in a good year—\$50,000. Sheep raising is the most important industry in Australia, and the country is rightly called “The Land of the Golden Fleece.”

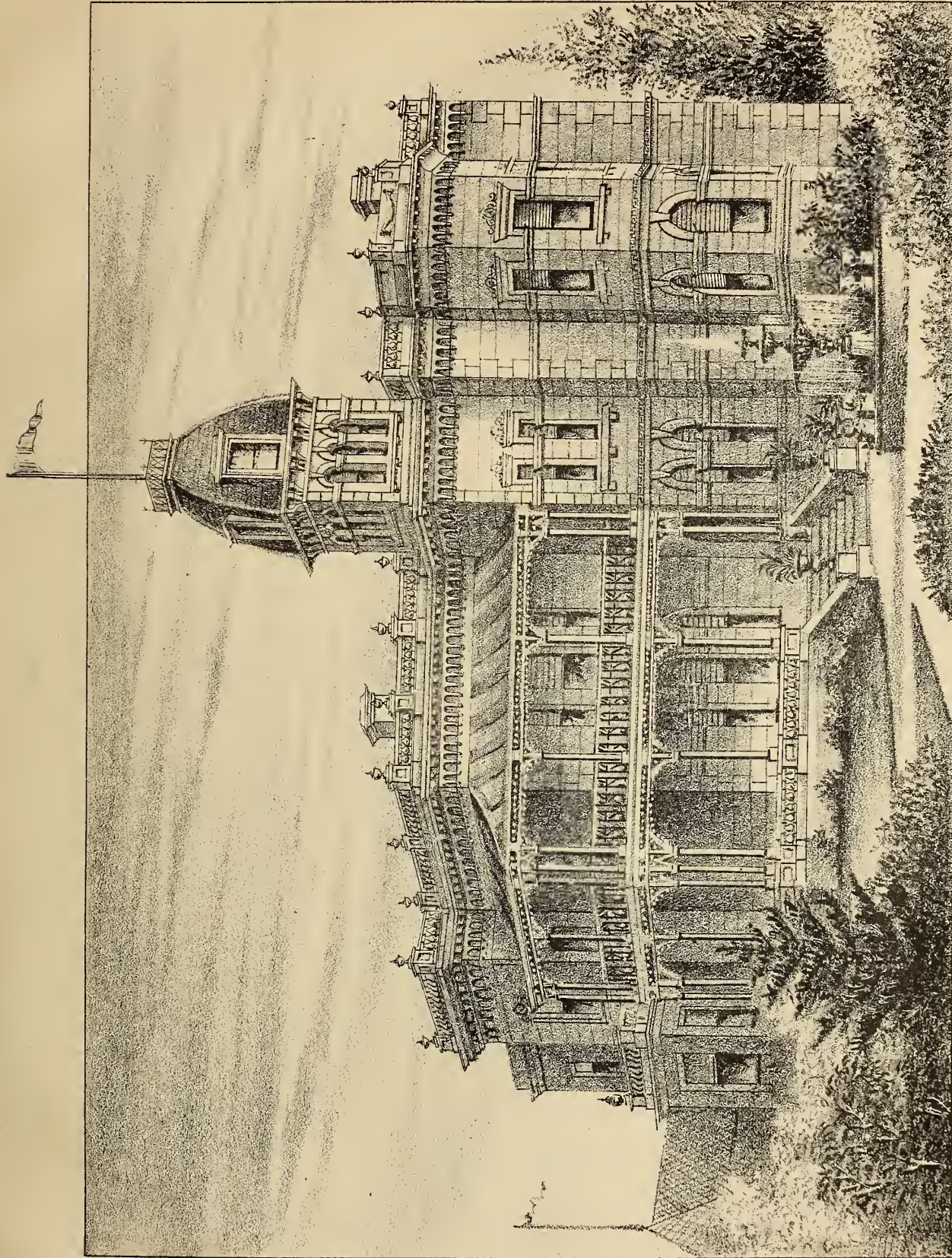
The first thing that strikes a traveller or stranger on arriving in Australia is the peculiar names of towns and cities. Here are a few: Merricumbene, Jillaga, Nerrigungah, Nadbilliga, Cadjangarry, Bullanamang, Murrumbucka, Woolumla, Tingaringi, Wollonbilldy, Nurenmerenmong, and Coppacumbalong. These names, although looking so formidable, are really soft-sounding and euphonious.

Australians have a peculiar call by which they make themselves heard at a great distance. The word used is “coo-ee.” One hears it in the cities as well as in the bush, and it strikes the ear in a peculiar manner when first hearing it. A party of Australians were in London, and one of the ladies of the party, while in the street, found she had lost her friends by some means in the vast crowd. For a time she was at a loss to know how to make herself heard, but suddenly she gave the well known “coo-ee,” and her friends, recognizing the familiar sound, were soon at her side. But imagine the surprise of the London cockney on hearing this strange call! It originated with the aborigines, and can be heard at a much greater distance than any other call.

Through the kindness of the Railway Commissioners, who gave me a *free pass*, I have been enabled to visit all parts of the country. Railway trains in Australia are the same as in England. There is the same system of guards, guard's vans and compartments, comfortably cushioned, which seat about six persons. Many people object to the English carriages, and dislike the idea of being locked into one of these compartments, as in case of an accident there is no possible way of getting out. Latterly in Australia the doors have been left unlocked on some of the lines. On all trains there is a carriage or compartment set apart for women who are travelling alone, but none of the carriages are heated, and I have suffered more with the cold while travelling by rail in this warm country, than ever in America, even when the thermometer registered 30° below zero. All the employees are civil and obliging, answering questions that are asked by helpless, incapable travellers, good naturedly assisting with baggage, which, by the way, is not *checked* except for very long journeys. On short distances, for instance, of a day's travel, your baggage is simply *labelled* with the name of your destination. On arriving there you claim your baggage, but there is

nothing to prevent some one else claiming it and walking off with it, leaving you hatless and shoeless. The railway authorities are not responsible for the loss of any baggage, and it is with a feeling of uncertainty that one sees their baggage put into the van, for you may never see it again. I think it must be one of the pleasures of travelling for an Englishman and Australian to know they will have a scramble for their boxes at the end of a journey. They must like it, or the check system would be introduced. The Government owns all the railways in the various colonies, in fact the Government owns and controls nearly all things in Australia. On the sixth of June I gave a dramatic recital in Geelong, assisted by Mr. Kirkwood Lee, a Canadian, the finest tenor singer in Australia, and Herr Seide, pianist. It may be interesting to my readers to know that Herr Seide's father made a tour through America with Madam Anna Bishop, and is now the leader of the Melbourne "Leidertafel"—the leading musical society of the capital of Victoria. Geelong is a city of 30,000 inhabitants, and was an important place years before the foundation of Melbourne, and was the headquarters from which all the gold diggers set out in the early days, being fifty miles from Ballarat. In 1853-4 the fare from Geelong to Ballarat was forty-five dollars, the mode of conveyance being a bullock team. At the present time a first-class railway ticket costs five shillings. To an American or Canadian the country in Australia looks very strange and rather dreary. One misses the little hamlets and home-like farm houses, for in Australia nearly the entire population is centered in the cities and towns, the whole country, with few exceptions, being immense sheep farms, many of the wealthy squatters owning or leasing from the Government estates ranging in area from ten to one hundred square miles. The tendency is the same as in England, namely, for the wealthy class to acquire all the land. On the eighth of June I gave a reading in Ararat, a place noted in early days as one of the richest alluvial gold fields ever discovered in Australia, the population at one time, consisting principally of miners, being estimated at eighty thousand. I was pleased to learn that a Canadian, Mr. Kilborn, a son of Captain John Kilborn, of Newboro, Leeds Co., Ontario, was for many years the post-master and telegraph superintendent at Ararat. The scenery about this place is very beautiful. Ballarat, a city of forty thousand, was to me the most interesting city in all Australia. It is surrounded by high hills of volcanic origin, and it is in this place that many of the large nuggets of gold have been found. On all sides are seen the mining shafts, the hills torn, and in many instances almost wholly cut through. In the city is situated the celebrated "Band and Albion" mine, the shafts and drives of which are one hundred and thirty-three miles in length.





Hamel & Ferguson Litho

"Goodrest" Toorak Road, South Yarra.  
Residence of W. P. Buckhurst Esq.<sup>r</sup>





Many of the mines are underneath the city, and one cannot help wondering what would be the result of a good lively earthquake.

So far, I have said little about the people of Australia, feeling that it is a delicate subject to write about the people of any country, but a book written upon Australia with the characteristics of the people not mentioned, would not be unlike Hamlet with Hamlet left out. Australia is not a cosmopolitan country, being almost entirely made up of English people and their descendants. Unlike America, with its French, German, Irish, Spanish and English population, each nationality bringing some of its own characteristics, Australia is pre-eminently English. The dislike of the Australian people to Americans is proverbial, and I think about the lowest term they could apply to a person would be "Yankee." They look upon Canada with a little more favor, it being a sister colony, but still they regard us as aliens, and think us more *French* than English. That idea is perhaps kept alive by the many writers who visit Canada, and write almost entirely about the French portion of Canada, Quebec. Mr Julian Thomas, the descriptive writer for the largest paper in Melbourne, in writing about Canada, dwells largely upon the French elements, their manners and customs. He is a gentleman for whom I have friendship and esteem, one whose qualities I admire, but I think in his sketch on Canada he is likely to give an erroneous idea to his readers, giving the impression that Canada is almost entirely French.

Every author who writes about Australia—as he is anxious to sell his books here—gives to the people and the country unqualified praise, describes the country as the most beautiful in the world, and the people as having the power of Jove, wisdom of Minerva, and the beauty of Apollo.

The over-weening self-esteem which is so apparent to strangers, is not surprising when one reads a book such as the historian Froude has written. I refer to his "Oceanica." He made a flying trip through Australia, then wrote his nicely worded "Oceanica." He turned the rivers upside down, put mountains where none existed, created beautiful scenery where there was only scrub, moved the cities and towns at his pleasure ; but it did not matter as long as he gave the Australians the flattery to which they had become accustomed, and which is like sweet-smelling incense to their nostrils.

They have great love for a title. Any titled person visiting Australia—and there are many—is at once "dished up" in the daily papers to an extent that is a surprise to any one from America. One sees in a Canadian paper a "personal," "Lord —— is at the Queen's, Rossin House, or Windsor," and that is the end. But in Australia they do things differently. Every movement of the above-

mentioned lord would be chronicled—why he came, from whence he came, and whither he is going. All that is rather tiresome reading. I was rather amused at the remark of an English gentleman. He said to me, “There is no aristocracy in America.” I replied, “Yes, there is an aristocracy in America—the aristocracy of *brains*—a society that is exclusive, one in which no titled noodle can enter unless he has something to recommend him besides the accident of birth.” I am aware that there are people in the United States and Canada who make themselves ridiculous by their admiration for “a lord.” There are shoddy people all over the world, but I was speaking of the cultivated, intellectual portion of my own country and the United States. I am frequently reminded of the young Englishman who was in the United States, dining with a number of Americans. He said: “I do not care for this country; you have no gentry here.” One of the gentlemen asked: “What are we to understand you mean by *gentry*?” “Why er—er—people who never do any work, er—and whose fathers never did any.” The gentleman replied, “O, yes, we have people like that in this country, but we do not call them by that name. We call them tramps.”

I have read articles in the Melbourne papers, written by English travellers, in which great stress is laid upon the *correct* pronunciation of the English language by Australians, and again I have been amused at the same papers giving certain words and expressions as “Yankeeisms.” The fact is that the Australians speak the English language in a manner that is peculiar only to Australia. It is neither an English nor American accent. For instance, I have heard a child ask, “Did you see the powny?” and have been puzzled to know what was meant. The word pony is pronounced *powny*, the word skate is *skite*, tail becomes *tile*, gate is *gite*, lady is *liday*, etc. I could give thousands of illustrations, but these few will enable my readers to see the very peculiar turns the English language may take. I have an idea, one in which I am firmly established. It is that if Australia were cut off from all communication with England and America, that in a hundred years they would speak a language that would be unintelligible to others, with no trace of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. In fact, they would evolve a new language. The love of England is strong in their hearts—love of English laws and customs. Even those who have never seen England speak of “home” as lovingly as though they had but recently left an English home and fireside. Many more members of the aristocracy visit Australia than Canada. Many of them own large estates in Australia, and come out either on business or pleasure, it being quite *de rigèour* for an English earl or lord to make a trip to the colonies.



I have mentioned the aristocracy of *birth*, and will now mention the aristocracy of *brains*. Charles Dickens has two sons residing in Melbourne. Ellen Terry has a brother in Sydney. Miss Braddon's brother resides in Launceston. Last night's *Herald* records the death of a remarkable woman, who had lived in Melbourne about five years. A sketch of her life is worth recording, for is it not true that the aristocracy of *brains* is much rarer than that of *birth*? In 1882 there arrived in Melbourne a most remarkable woman, who, though a celebrity in Europe and America, lived quietly in Melbourne without attracting the smallest public attention. Her name was Hortense Heuze Hazard, and it is safe to say that a more brilliantly accomplished woman never visited the colonies. A sculptress, held by many European authorities, when in Rome, to be the *greatest living*; an authoress, having written much, both in prose and verse; and a linguist whose knowledge of languages extended to French, German, Italian, English and Russian, all of which she spoke fluently, and with the literature of which she had an intimate acquaintance. The lady left, among other works from her own chisel, three beautiful pieces of statuary, which have been exhibited in Rome, England and America, and pronounced by the critics to be beyond all praise. One of them is emblematical of "Peace." Another work, which has been pronounced one of the finest pieces of modern sculpture, is "I am Left Alone." A bereaved mother is depicted with her two little children; the elder is gazing up at her grief-stricken countenance, as if to ask the cause of her woe, while the little brother, too young to be anything but selfish, is regardless of his mother's emotion, playing with a bird he has caught. The posturing of the figures is almost life-like. The marble from which this was wrought was obtained from a quarry which has been exhausted, and has the peculiarity of giving a silvery, metallic ring. Among her rare and valuable possessions were some magnificent paintings, some veritable Correggios.

I must not forget to mention the brother of Lord Wolseley, who resides near Melbourne on a large estate. A grandson of Robert Burns resides in New Zealand.

I have spoken of the loyalty of the Australian people, but they have not yet learned to distinguish between servility and loyalty. With them a king can do no wrong. A queen, because she is a queen, is hedged in by Divinity. In this I can not help making comparisons between Australians and Canadians. There is in Canada a spirit of independence, a knowledge of power within itself, which seems entirely lacking in Australia. If a question is raised in Canada, the people feel quite competent to deal with it themselves, and the thing to be decided

is whether it is best for the country. Not so in Australia. The question is: Do they do so in England? forgetting that what may be beneficial in England, may not serve for Australia. Australia is a country with a magnificent future; also a country of "magnificent distances;" but, until the people are more cosmopolitan in their views, they will never become a great people.

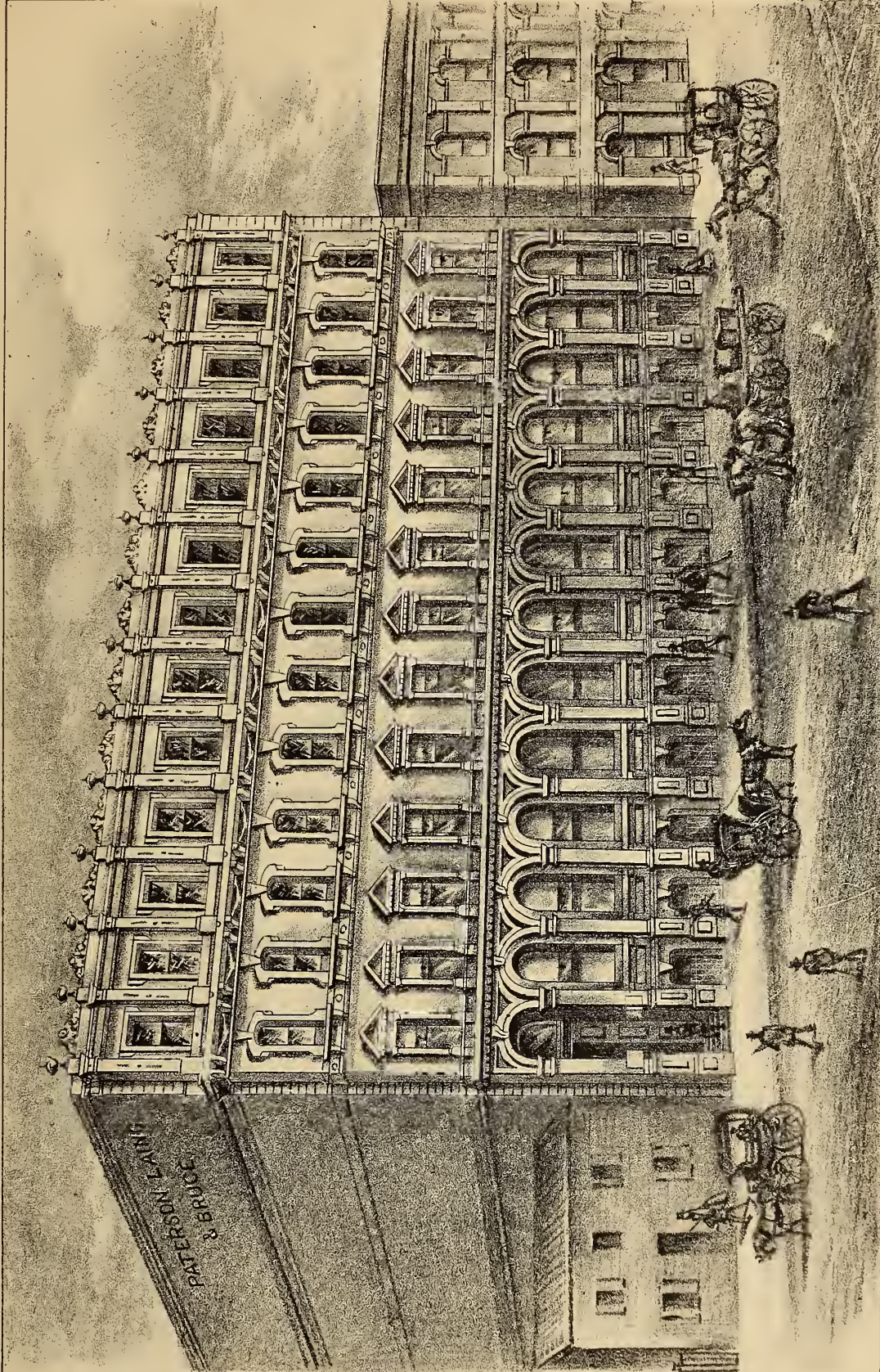
One hears the term "larrikin" frequently used, a name given to the rough element in Australia. All misdemeanor is attributed to the "larrikins," but I have seen more ill-breeding on Collins Street—the fashionable promenade—among the well dressed women, more bad mannered women, than any place in the world. The women of Australia are just at the *dress* stage. At the expiration of another fifty years they may cultivate their minds. I must do the people justice, and do not wish to speak harshly, but I think most travellers will agree with me in my judgment of Australian women. The people are very musical; in fact, out-door sports and music occupy their time, to the exclusion of any higher form of intellectual activity.

There is one thing that is particularly noticeable in Australia among the working classes, in fact, among *all* classes. They "take their pleasures sadly." There is an entire absence of anything like hilarity. They are not a laughter-loving people. I have never, in Australia, seen a group of merry, laughing girls. They seem to have taken up the burden of life early. I miss the sparkling eyes, the bright manner, the happy girlish laughter, of Canadian girls. Even the children are old men and women before they are out of pinafores. I am reminded of the person, who in speaking of the celebrated Dr. Johnson, said he would make all the little fishes talk like whales. In fact I have seen no *children*, but many premature old men and women.

American children have the reputation all over the world of being precocious, but they are at least fifty years behind the Australian children in precociousness. One does not require to look long for the cause. The people are, as I have before said, in the "dress" stage. The little girls are taught that to be well dressed is the aim and object of their little lives. I see daily small girls with bustles, pads, tornures, dress improvers, and all the paraphernalia of fashion. Anything like a little *girl* I have yet to see. I am speaking of the *native born* Australian child, not of the children of English people. My eyes *have* been refreshed with the sight of a simply dressed, comfortable looking little English or American girl, and I have gazed long and lovingly at them.

The prim, precise, self-complacent mites of humanity which one sees in Australia are the product of artificial mothers, women who have not sufficient





*C. Woodhouse, Lith.*

WAREHOUSES OF  
Mess.<sup>rs</sup> Paterson Laing & Bruce  
FLINDERS LANE MELBOURNE

*H. Knell & Ferguson, Print.*





self-culture and independence to dress, train, and educate their children differently from the so-called "custom." All the world over the laws of "custom" are held as sacred as the Decalogue by the *Bourgeoisie*.

It is a rare thing to meet with a lady who is possessed of business ability; but how much rarer to meet one who, by her capacity for business, has gained a world-wide reputation. Miss Alice Cornwall, of Melbourne, has accomplished what few men could have done, by going to England and successfully floating a gold mine, the "Midas," making four hundred and eighty thousand dollars profit for herself. She is well known by her title of "Princess Midas." Miss Cornwall went to England, and notwithstanding the disadvantages which a woman must necessarily labor under, she, alone and unaided, floated this large company. She was fully able to explain the workings of the mine, and teach the shareholders many things of which they were wholly ignorant in regard to mining.

While in England she purchased a newspaper, "*The Sunday Times*," she being the sole proprietor; also the patent rights for the Australasian colonies of a *light* called the "Schanschieff Light," which she successfully floated in Melbourne, making another large fortune. Having heard and read so much of Miss Cornwall, I was desirous of seeing her, and naturally expected to meet rather an elderly, masculine woman. Judge of my surprise when a young looking, handsome lady appeared, and after shaking hands cordially we seated ourselves, and I soon felt that I had known her for years. She converses in an easy, natural manner—a woman with a cultivated mind, a woman who would not be content to talk drivel to fashionable fools. In the course of our conversation I asked her if she would be content to lead a conventional life with nothing more to interest her than the average society woman. She answered me in her energetic manner: "I am sure I should do something desperate." Her life is full and complete, with plenty to occupy her time and mind, and I left her feeling that I had met a "noble woman nobly planned."

## CHAPTER XV.

THE great event in Australia, the Cup Race, took place on the first day of November. The day was beautifully fine, and an immense number of people gathered at Flemington, the world-renowned race-course. People of all classes, grades and positions jostled each other; the titled gentleman and grocer, the Governor and pawnbroker, the artist and "bookie," the author and jockey, the lady of rank and the green-grocer's wife, the fastidious woman and the *demi-monde*. The handsome dresses of the women, the beautiful lawn, the many colored habits of the jockeys, the magnificent thorough-bred horses, all make a picture that Australians may well be proud of. About 160,000 people were present, many Americans being among the number, and several titled ladies and gentlemen from England. Among the distinguished Americans present was Major Henry C. Dane, the celebrated lecturer, who was on a visit to Australia, gathering information for his famous lectures. I had the pleasure of meeting him several times during his stay in Melbourne, and a more genial person it would be difficult to find. His descriptive powers are unsurpassed, and while listening to his wonderful word-pictures of scenes in many lands, his strange, weird experiences, this thought enters one's mind, "Now I understand why the great gift of language was given to man."

On the lawn there was a constant moving to and fro, while the grand stand was filled with people anxious to see the great race. At last the jockeys were weighed, and mounting their horses, they rode out on to the course, Hales, the famous jockey, riding "Cranbrook"; "Silvermine," the beautiful little black horse, being ridden by Alec Robinson; "Dunlop" carried Saunders, while "Australian Peer" was ridden by the young jockey, Gorry. There were eighteen horses started in the race, but I have given the names of the favorite riders only. The race was  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles, and after a little delay, they stood in a line, some of the older horses standing like statues, waiting for the word "go," while the younger horses moved uneasily. At last the word was given, and the many-colored line started, every horse running at its full speed. There was scarcely a sound to be heard from the immense crowd. In a short time some of the horses were seen to gain a little; then the excitement grew intense, amid cries of "'Silvermine' is ahead!" "'Australian Peer' will win!" "See, 'Silvermine' is still ahead!" Then another shout, and "Dunlop" is coming up, and then for a time these two



beautiful horses, "Silvermine" and "Dunlop," are running neck and neck. The excitement has reached the climax. Neck to neck, shoulder to shoulder, every muscle strained, the horses are nearing the winning post, when a shout goes up, "'Dunlop' has won!" Won the great race by *half a head!* Distance,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles; time, 3 minutes,  $28\frac{1}{2}$  seconds—the fastest time ever made.

The magnificent "Silvermine," the most beautiful horse on the Australian turf, has had a strange record. He was second in the Newmarket Handicap, Caulfield Cup, Sydney Cup, and Melbourne Cup. On the 2nd of January, 1888, during a race in Sydney, while the horses were coming into the straight, "Silvermine" fell, throwing his rider, Alec Robinson. They picked him up, but it was found that his skull was fractured, and that night he died, while "Silvermine's" back was broken, and he died two hours after the accident. Alec Robinson, the winner of many classic races, and the gallant "Silvermine," will be no longer seen on the Australian turf.

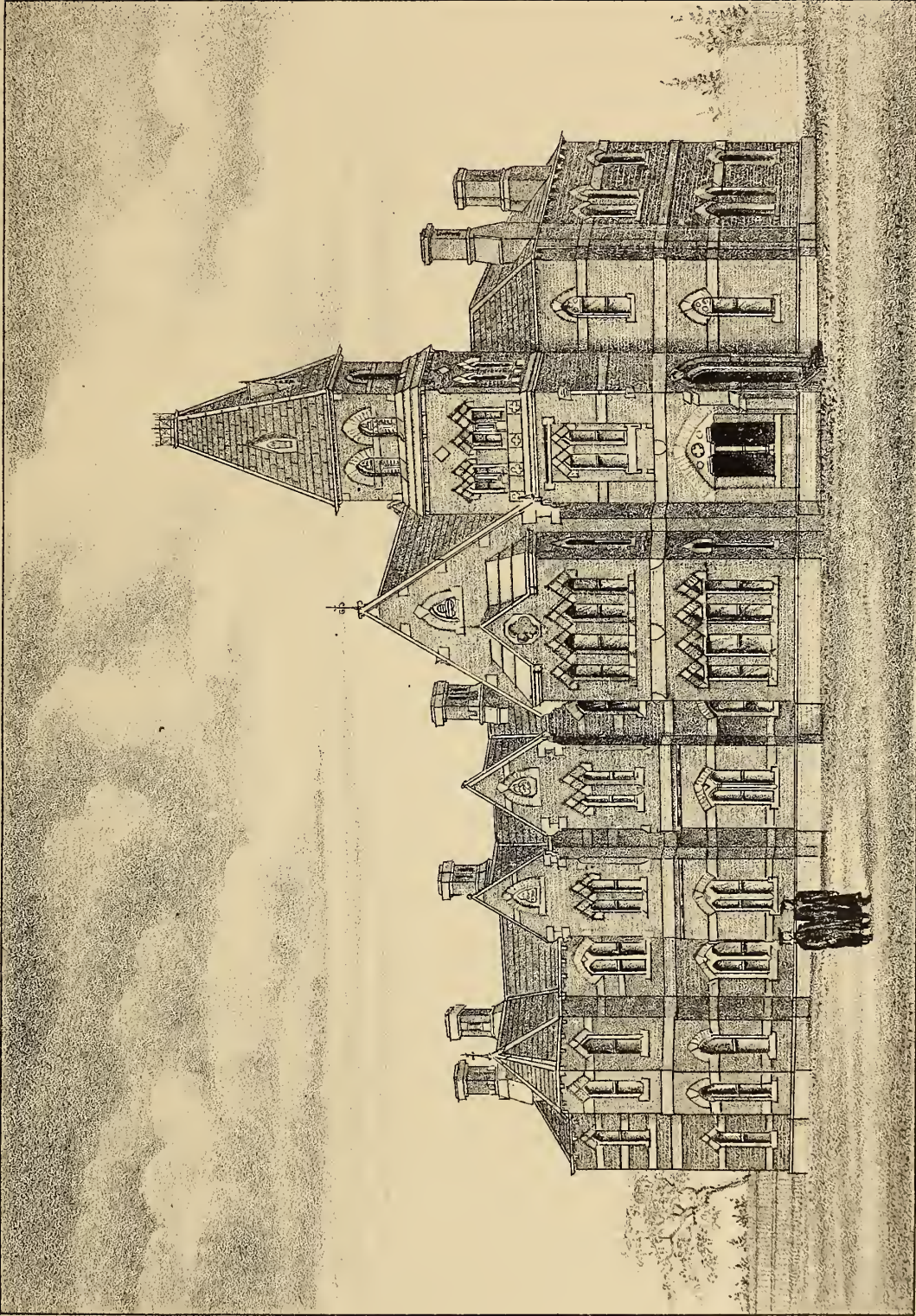
#### ACCLIMATIZATION.

Everything belonging to the plant and vegetable world seems to flourish with almost tropical luxuriance in Australia. J. A. Froude states in his "Oceania" that the oats, barley, peas, beans and potatoes were produced in such luxuriance in Ballarat that he could believe Herodotus' account of the crops grown on the plains of Babylon. Unfortunately, it is not always the useful plant which grows so luxuriantly. The water-cress, introduced into New Zealand some years ago, has spread so rapidly as to choke up the rivers, involving a great outlay yearly in keeping them sufficiently clear for navigable purposes. Some thirty years ago a Scotch emigrant took with him to Australia a thistle in a flower pot. The Scotch emigrants rejoiced greatly over the national plant, and a dinner was given in honor of its arrival. Then it was carefully planted. It spread with such rapidity that whole tracts of land are rendered useless, as it defies extirpation. Again, a missionary and his wife took with them from England a plant of sweet briar and planted it, with pardonable pride, in the garden of their Australian home. It spread with amazing rapidity, and from a small plant it developed into a large tree, and is equally as troublesome as the thistle. While speaking on this subject it may not be amiss to mention the great rabbit pest. Many years ago some people from England arrived in Australia, bringing with them a pair of rabbits. If I were to tell my readers the amount of money which has been expended in trying to clear the paddocks of these little animals, I am afraid they would accuse

me of romancing. Within the last five years \$5,000,000 have been expended. The Governments are building wire fences between the different colonies, the one between South Australia and Victoria costing over \$300,000. The Government of New South Wales has offered \$125,000 to any one who can successfully rid that colony of the rabbit pest. M. Pasteur, the celebrated French scientist, claims to have discovered in the microbes of the chicken cholera the means of ridding the country of this great plague. His nephew is at present in New South Wales making preparations for the experiment. One can not help thinking that *sentiment* has been the foe of the colonist, but who would imagine the humble sweet briar, Scotch thistle, and a pair of rabbits, could produce such havoc? Thinking of these people bringing these things so many miles across the sea, I am reminded of an affecting little scene which I witnessed in Sydney on the arrival of a ship. An old Irish woman was standing on the dock watching the ship come in, bringing her son from Ireland. After he landed he handed her an odd-looking parcel. As soon as she saw it she reverently knelt down and kissed it. It was a piece of *sod* from her native bog, a handful of Irish soil.

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Hamel & Ferguson, Lith.

TRINITY COLLEGE  
NORTH MELBOURNE





## CHAPTER XVI.

I STARTED in May to visit Queensland, the northern and more tropical portion of Australia, a distance of four days travel. The journey from Melbourne to Sydney is by no means interesting. Allbury is on the border of New South Wales, where we change cars, and the only thing which attracts the eye is the beautiful waratah, the native flower of New South Wales. Arriving in Sydney, the following day we take the coasting steamer "Gl. Langworth," wishing to make the journey up by water and back by rail. One takes an Australian coasting steamer with a feeling of uncertainty as to whether one's destination will ever be reached, or you will be landed on a rock in the Pacific. However, we made the journey safely, with nothing more serious occurring than the usual *mal-de-mer*. We passed within sight of the coast line all the way, and therein lies the danger, as in case of a storm there is not sufficient sea-room, and frequently vessels are wrecked on the dangerous coast. On the evening of the third day at sea we entered the beautiful Brisbane river, with mangroves growing on one side and graceful bamboo trees on the other. The foliage and scenery on this river are very beautiful, and there are many little nooks that would delight an artist. Nature seems to have planned this spot as a surprise after the dullness of this gloomy, forbidding coast line. People were rowing about the river in small row boats, hidden at times by a group of mangrove trees, then suddenly appearing again from under the branches of the beautiful bamboo.

Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, is a small city of ninety thousand, with streets nicely laid out and a number of handsome buildings, among the finest being the National Bank of Queensland; the manager is Mr. W. H. Glenny, whom many of my readers will know, as at one time he was in Canada in the British North American Bank in Montreal. It was a pleasure meeting some one in this far-off land who was acquainted with some of my Canadian friends. All the public buildings in Brisbane are handsome, as in fact they are all over Australia. While in every city and town in Australia there are handsome botanical gardens, the most interesting one to me is in Brisbane. The trees are more tropical; on one side there is a group of tall cocoanut trees; the strange bottle tree of Java, oddly colored foliage the ever graceful bamboo, and numberless handsome palm trees.

The museum is well worth visiting, as one sees many curiosities from the southern seas, strange shells, beautiful coral, the implements used by the blacks in early times, the war clubs, drums and spears used by the natives. In northern Queensland there are more blacks than in any part of Australia. In Melbourne one seldom sees a native ; they are rapidly dying off, but in Brisbane they are still to be seen, and were, to me, one of the sights of the place. I had heard a great deal about the blacks throwing the "boomerang," and always had a great curiosity to witness it. In Brisbane my curiosity was gratified. Thinking that people who told about the natives throwing the "boomerang" were "romancing," I was all the more struck with wonder when I saw it. The "boomerang" is a piece of wood cut in half circular form, like a quarter moon, nothing more. The black who threw it for us was as dirty and unkempt as blacks usually are, but I forgot the dirt and untidiness when I saw him throw this weapon. He took the thing in his hand, poised himself, and threw it. It went whirling through the air at a terrific pace, traversed a circle of about 1,000 feet ; turning in the air, it came whirling round and round, and fell at his feet. He looked around with a smile, again picked it up, once more sent it off whizzing and whirring through the air, and again it came back to his feet. It looked almost like some supernatural agency, and is one of the great feats of the blacks, as no white man has ever yet learned to throw the "boomerang."

There are tropical fruits in abundance in Brisbane. I think the most delicious pineapples in the world grow in Queensland ; bananas, date plums and hundreds of fruits with which I was wholly unacquainted. My first experience in eating guavas was in Brisbane. It is a fruit that looks like a small green lemon, and I can assure my readers that a green lemon is much preferable to guavas. However, people told me that it was an acquired taste. I have no doubt of it, but it would take too long to acquire it ; life is too short. While I was in Brisbane there was a great political contest between Sir Samuel Griffiths and Sir Thomas McIlwraith. Sir Samuel Griffiths is the Prime Minister of Queensland. I had the pleasure of meeting him, and a more kindly, gentlemanly person I have never met—one who cannot fail to be popular, and make many friends, as he has all the geniality and *savoir-faire* of a man of the world. The Hon. Mr. Dutton, Commissioner of Railways, kindly gave me a free pass, and I was enabled to visit many places in Queensland. One could write a large book on that colony alone, as it is particularly interesting—interesting to the traveller, the geologist, the scientist, and the artist.

After remaining some time in Queensland, I started by rail for Melbourne,



wishing to make the journey overland in order to see the country. From Brisbane to Ipswich the road is rugged in the extreme. We pass through immense cuttings and long tunnels, passing the coal mines from which Brisbane is supplied. There is a gradual ascent from Brisbane to Toowoomba, the latter place being 2,400 feet above Brisbane, situated in the Darling Downs. We pass the opal mines, from which so many beautiful opals are taken. These stones are seen in great numbers in all the jewelry stores in Australia, and the mine seems inexhaustible. The Queensland opals have a world-wide reputation. I have seen large stones a foot in length and over, with a seam running the entire length, two or three inches in breadth, of this lovely rainbow-hued stone. All the most delicate tints are reflected, as though nature, in one of her generous moods, had gathered together all her most beautiful colors in sea and sky, and then having melted together moonlight and the hues of the rainbow, had suddenly solidified and imprisoned all in a transparent prison.

## THE BIRTH OF THE OPAL.

“ The Sunbeam loved the Moonbeam,  
And followed her low and high ;  
But the Moonbeam fled and hid her head—  
She was so shy—so shy.

The Sunbeam wooed with passion,  
Ah! he was a lover bold,  
And his heart was afire with mad desire  
For the Moonbeam pale and cold.

She fled like a dream before him,  
Her hair was a shining sheen ;  
And, oh, that Fate would annihilate  
The space that lay between.

Just as the Day lay panting  
In the arms of the Twilight dim,  
The Sunbeam caught the one he sought  
And drew her close to him.

But out of his warm arms started,  
And stirred by love's first shock,  
She sprang afraid, like a trembling maid,  
And hid in the niche of a rock.

And the Sunbeam followed and found her,  
And led her to love's own feast,  
And they were wed on that rocky bed,  
And the dying Day was their priest.

And, lo! the beautiful Opal,  
That rare and wondrous gem,  
Where the Moon and Sun blend into one,  
Is the child that was born to them."

I must not forget to mention, while speaking of Toowoomba, that it is near this place that Mr. James Tyson lives, the wealthiest man in Australia. He is worth about \$30,000,000, and is familiarly known as "Jimmy Tyson," a man who has devoted his life to money-making. It is only latterly that he has ridden first-class on either steamboat or train. There are no colleges founded by him, no charitable institutions, no homes for the poor or sick. He is a man who will die "unwept, unhonored and unsung." About 200 miles from Toowoomba we come to Tenterfield, N.S.W., near which place are the diamond mines, and two large gold and silver mines, called the Red Rock and White Rock. Along this road the engine puffs and labors, going very slowly, at times scarcely moving up the heavy grades and through the deep cuttings. Mountains, mountains, on every side. Hills stretching away as far as the eye can see, valleys in which the sunlight seldom falls, interminable gum trees, the foliage and grass dressed in a sad green, as though in mourning for their isolation. No words can describe the solemn grandeur of this landscape. Nothing to brighten it; no flowers, no bright foliage; but the solemn impressiveness and the lonely grandeur leaves a lasting memory. The mountains are forbidding; even the very trees seem to make a protest against the invasion of their solitude. They stand like sentinels guarding the treasure buried in the mountains.

After a time we come upon a little agricultural land, and see the home of some wealthy squatter; then again the hut of the poor man. Dr. Cameron Lees, in writing of Australia, says there are no *poor* in this country. Let him take the overland train from Brisbane to Melbourne, and see the miles of huts, and he would write differently. Houses that do not look fit for human habitation; one that I noticed had no windows, but as the train passed slowly by, the door opened and a group of children came out; one, a little, flaxen-haired girl, came to look with wonder at us. I could see her plainly—a lovely little thing with her blue eyes and flaxen hair—and I could not help wondering if, in later life, she would

be able to see any poetry in the rugged hills and strange landscape which surrounded her. Occasionally a green parrot flitted among the trees, while the laughing jackass, with its queer, quizzical face, added to the strangeness of the scene. About four o'clock in the morning we came to the Hawksburn River, which we were obliged to cross on a ferry boat, then take a train on the other side. An American firm have taken the contract to build a railway bridge across the river, to cost \$5,000,000.

About seven o'clock in the morning we approach the beautiful Paramatta river, and an occasional orange grove is to be seen, giving color and variety to the landscape. The orange groves of the Paramatta are worth going many miles to see. It is a beautiful sight—the well kept orchards, the trees laden with their golden fruit. About eight o'clock in the morning we arrive in Sydney. It is Sunday, and after a rest we decide to visit the art gallery, which is open to the public from ten a.m. to five p.m.

It was a great pleasure to see the people, mostly the working class, moving quietly about, looking at the pictures. There was no noise, although the gallery was filled; no pushing, but all enjoying the privilege of looking at the valuable works of art. Working men with their children, the father pointing out to the little ones a picture which pleased him, and to listen to the remarks of the small critics was very amusing. Melbourne, with all its wealth, universities, and education, has not yet become sufficiently liberal minded to open its galleries and museums to the public on Sundays.



## CHAPTER XVII.

**T**ASMANIA is about a day's sail from Melbourne. The population is about 137,000. The two cities, Launceston and Hobart, are nicely laid out and beautifully situated. The Mount Bishoff tin mine is one of the curiosities of the island, and the largest tin mine in the world. A friend presented me with some beautiful specimens from this mine, which I shall value highly as a souvenir of this southern land. One visits Tasmania with the consciousness that it is the most southern land on the globe, that is, the only habitable land. One sees evidences of the early convict days on every hand. While the convicts have nearly all passed away into the "great unknown," their work remains a lasting monument of the early days of oppression and wrong. There is a home for the old surviving convicts at Launceston, who are cared for by the government. While in Launceston I called at this home to hear for myself the story of a very celebrated convict, Charles Banfield. He is eighty-nine years old, with as kindly a face as I ever looked upon—no trace of the criminal, for in fact he had committed *no* crime. I was face to face with the man who is well known to have been the character from whom Marcus Clarke drew "Rufus Dawes," in that well-known book, "For the Term of His Natural Life"—face to face with a man who had suffered probably more than any man living at the present time. The thought of "Jean Valjein" came to my mind. While the English people were sympathising with the Siberian prisoners, while all the world was weeping over the wrongs of the slaves of the United States, here in this fair land there were wrongs committed, and sufferings borne, that would make even the angels weep, could they but know.

Charles Banfield was born in Bath, England. While in London, with a number of young friends, one evening, he was guilty of some slight offence that in these days would not be noticed, and horrible as it may appear, he was *transported for life*, put into a convict ship and sent to Australia, and remained in Sydney for a number of years, always with the hope of liberty, the one desire in common with all mankind. In 1830 he made his escape, in company with four others, and turned bush-ranger, making a rule not to injure any one, but to levy supplies from the settlers. He was about seven months leading this life; if caught, it meant death. They were betrayed to the police by one of their own party, and sentenced to be hanged, at Windsor, New South Wales. Six other

convicts were to suffer the same fate, the coffins all standing along in a row. The first one hanged was a young man of seventeen, who fought for his life, and disabled the hangman; he paid the penalty, but so injured the hangman that he was unable to proceed with the others, and Chas. Banfield was left to suffer for many a long year. His sentence was commuted to imprisonment in the *chain gang* at Norfolk Island for *life*. For ten long years he wore these chains, dragging out his miserable life, every year an eternity—an eternity of woe. His life at last became so unbearable that he determined to commit some offence, in order that he might get hanged. He and some other prisoners decided to fire a hay stack, but instead of the sentence of death, which he longed for, he was given 300 lashes. The flesh on his back hung in shreds, and he spat quantities of blood. During his stay on Norfolk Island he saw five men lashed to *death*; each had received 300 lashes. It was seldom that a prisoner survived that fearful punishment, but poor Chas. Banfield, with his iron constitution, bore this and many besides. At last the prisoners on the island growing desperate, it was resolved to take possession of the island, but one of the number was suspected of turning traitor, and it was determined to kill him; but Charles Banfield objected to this shedding of blood, and thus incurred the displeasure of his fellow-prisoners, who that night stabbed the suspected man, and in the morning they came forward and swore they saw Charles Banfield commit the deed. He again received 300 lashes, which the doctor told the commandant would kill him. The commandant ordered *four* flaggelators, instead of one, to apply the lash, in order that they might *strike hard*. This fiend in human shape had this carried into effect, and after lashing him until his back was a mass of quivering flesh, the poor tortured fellow was taken to the hospital, where he was obliged to remain for *three* years. At the expiration of that time he was ordered to go to Sydney. He had worn the chains so long on his ankles that the flesh had grown in a fold over the chains, and after the weight was removed he could only walk with the greatest difficulty. He had been so long accustomed to the weight that it was almost impossible to walk without it. At last a glimmer of light began to dawn upon this man, and the Governor hearing about him, went to Norfolk Island to make enquiries into his case. There was nothing could be said against him except that he always tried to get his liberty. The Governor had no power to release him, but he ordered him to be sent to Sydney, in an institution, promising that at the expiration of three years he should be set free. He went to Sydney and his time had nearly expired, when the Governor was recalled to England. Charles Banfield was left

again without hope or friends, and was again sent back to Norfolk Island. Once again the hope of liberty and escape seized him, and he took a small boat and put out to sea in it, thinking the dangers of the sea less terrible than the inhumanity of man. He was pursued and brought back, once more to suffer terrible punishment. The convict system being abolished, he lives now in Launceston.

Lord Roseberry, while on a visit to Australia a few years ago, took a deep interest in Charles Banfield's history, went to visit him in Tasmania, then examined all the records in Sydney to verify the truth of his story. After Lord Roseberry returned to England he visited the birth place of Charles Banfield, and discovered that he belonged to a good family, also a *will* bequeathing to different members of the family portions of property, mentioning that nothing was left to Charles Banfield, "as he had disgraced the family." He, the *martyr* of the family, who had suffered pains and tortures, not as the martyrs of old suffered for religious convictions, but for some youthful folly, some slight offence ; suffered these tortures that the *law* might be satisfied. Let us who pride ourselves upon our charity, remembering we have been Christians for two thousand years, think of Charles Banfield, and ask ourselves what we have done for humanity.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

IN October I visited Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, and was much pleased with the beauty of the place. The streets are broad and beautifully kept, but in matters of street conveyance Melbourne is immeasurably superior; but, notwithstanding that, the city presents a nicer appearance than Melbourne. To many people Adelaide appears "Quakerish," but it does not impress me in that way. The public buildings are splendidly built, especially the Post Office and towered Town Hall, the Exchange, and numerous banks. Like all Australian cities and towns, it possesses magnificent botanical gardens, which alone make a visit to Adelaide agreeable. But, again, like all Australian cities, it is miserably lighted. The city is not built upon the sea. Largs Bay is the seaport. There is an excellent hotel at this place, with all modern improvements. Glenelg is another fashionable resort, where the wealthy people from the city spend the summer months.

About a day's ride by rail from Adelaide is the famous ostrich farm, where there are about 500 ostriches, and the value of feathers exported yearly is about \$16,000. While pulling their feathers a little *finesse* is required. The old birds, accustomed to being plucked, will stand quietly, but the younger ones object to being denuded of their finery, and it is necessary to pull a small bag over their heads, with an opening to admit air, when they will stand quietly while their beautiful feathers are being plucked.

While in Adelaide I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Workshop, the author of the "History of Adelaide;" also Sir Edwin Smith, the popular mayor.

I have endeavored in writing this little work on Australia to avoid dull statistics; simply to write of the country as I saw it, and although one might fill volumes of matter about this strange world, I have only lightly touched upon what I considered the most interesting part of it. In writing of Australia one requires a rugged pen, not a poetical one; the gloomy mountains and melancholy forests could only inspire sombre poetry. Dante's "Inferno" could well have been written here.

"The Australian mountain forests are funereal, secret, stern. Their solitude is desolation. They seem to stifle, in their black gorges, a story of sullen despair. No tender sentiment is nourished in their shade. In other lands the dying year is mourned, the falling leaves drop lightly on his bier. In the

Australian forests no leaves fall. The savage winds shout among the rock clefts. From the melancholy gums strips of white bark hang and rustle. The very animal life of these frowning hills is either grotesque or ghostly. Great grey kangaroos hop noiselessly over the coarse grass. Flights of white cockatoos stream out, shrieking like evil souls. The sun suddenly sinks, and the mopokes burst out into horrible peals of semi-human laughter. The natives aver that, when night comes, from out the bottomless depth of some lagoon the Bunyip rises, and, in form like a monstrous sea-calf, drags his loathsome length from out the ooze. From a corner of the silent forest rises a dismal chant, and around a fire dance natives painted like skeletons. All is fear-inspiring and gloomy. No bright fancies are linked with the memories of the mountains. Hopeless explorers have named them out of their sufferings—Mount Misery, Mount Dreadful, Mount Despair. As when among sylvan scenes in places

‘Made green with the running of rivers,  
And gracious with temperate air,’

the soul is soothed and satisfied, so, placed before the frightful grandeur of these barren hills, it drinks in their sentiment of defiant ferocity, and is steeped in bitterness.

“Australia has rightly been named the Land of the Dawning. Wrapped in the midst of an early morning, her history looms vague and gigantic. The lonely horseman riding between the moonlight and the day sees vast shadows creeping across the shelterless and silent plains, hears strange noises in the primeval forest where flourishes a vegetation long dead in other lands, and feels, despite his fortune, that the trim utilitarian civilization which bred him shrinks into insignificance beside the contemptuous grandeur of forest and ranges coeval with an age in which European scientists have cradled his own race.

“There is a poem in every form of tree or flower, but the poetry which lives in the trees and flowers of Australia differs from that of other countries. Europe is the home of knightly song, of bright deeds and clear morning thought. Asia sinks beneath the weighty recollections of her past magnificence, as the Suttee sinks, jewel burdened, upon the corpse of dread grandeur, destructive even in its death. America swiftly hurries on her way, rapid, glittering, insatiable even as one of her own giant waterfalls. From the jungles of Africa, and the creeper-tangled groves of the Islands of the South, arise, from the glowing hearts of a thousand flowers, heavy and intoxicating odors—the Upas-poison which dwells in barbaric sensuality. In Australia alone is to be found the grotesque, the weird,

the strange scribblings of nature learning how to write. Some see no beauty in our trees without shade, our flowers without perfume, our birds who cannot sing, and our beasts who have not yet learned to walk on all fours. But the dweller in the wilderness acknowledges the subtle charm of this fantastic land of monstrosities. He becomes familiar with the beauty of loneliness. Whispered to by the myriad tongues of the wilderness, he learns the language of the barren and the uncouth, and can read the hieroglyphs of haggard gum trees, blown into odd shapes, distorted with fierce hot winds, or cramped with cold nights, when the Southern Cross freezes in a cloudless sky of icy blue. The phantasmagoria of that wild dreamland termed the Bush interprets itself, and the poet of our desolation begins to comprehend why free Esau loved his heritage of desert sand better than all the bountiful richness of Egypt."

END OF PART I.

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## PART II.

### CHAPTER I.

IN October I took passage by the Orient steamer "Orizaba" for England, intending to stop at Ceylon, Egypt, Jerusalem and Naples. I think no one can contemplate a six weeks' voyage by sea with any degree of pleasure. For one week it is very well, but before the expiration of six, nothing but dull monotony remains. So monotonous does it become that even the most trivial things are accepted by way of amusement—a shoal of whales creates enthusiasm; a passing steamer is hailed with delight. I do not find among my fellow-passengers people of the same intellectual calibre as were on the "Mariposa" from San Francisco to Australia. England is well represented, nearly the whole passenger list being English, I being the only Canadian. There is the usual material for romance. The lady who sits opposite me at table is going to Calcutta to meet her affianced husband. He has served for her as faithfully as Jacob served for Rachel, and I think her worth all the years of patient waiting, for she is a charming woman. Mr. Storey, a son of the Royal Academician, is among the passengers; also Mr. Warde, one of the most celebrated dancers in England, who is just returning to England from a two years' professional engagement in Australia. Among the most charming people I have ever met is Mrs. Kohn, an English lady; a more delightful travelling companion it would be impossible to find. Gay, bright, witty, well read, and accomplished, charming, winning little Mrs. Kohn, I wonder if we shall ever meet again on this side the great "river," or if, after "crossing over," we shall know each other there?

The Indian Ocean, although calm so far during our voyage upon it, is not always so placid, but is frequently disturbed by that most dangerous thing at sea, a cyclone. The sailing vessels which are unfortunate enough to be caught in these cyclones invariably go down; but a large steamer can run from them, therefore my fears are allayed. Our Sundays spent upon the Indian Ocean were as dull as such days invariably are at sea. All amusements were put aside. We had the usual Sunday service. People hear a great deal about the impressiveness

of service at sea, but it is all imagination, as there is nothing solemn or impressive about it, many of the male passengers smoking in the smoking-rooms and children running about the decks.

## CEYLON.

CEYLON, the Pearl of the Sea, and entrance to the gates of Paradise, the outer circle of wonderful India, the home of the occult sciences and Eastern magnificence, of wonderful temples and magnificent tombs. India, whose air is impregnated with the "wisdom of all the ages," lies just within our reach. Ceylon at one time formed a part of the main land of India, but the action of the waters through countless ages has washed it off, leaving a space of sixty miles between it and the main land. In writing of India all one's ideas of time are changed—a country which was in a high state of development, whose people were in the highest state of intellectual culture when England and her people were savages, when my German ancestors were barbarians; a country whose religious teachings—the religion of Buddah—were written 2,000 years before the birth of Christ; a country whose temples and tombs stand to-day, lasting monuments of the refinement and culture of its people, more lasting than any written history. The magnificent monument of the Tag Mahal, which occupied in its erection 20,000 men, for *twenty years*, is one of the world's greatest wonders. It is built of the whitest of marble, every figure and statue chiseled with the most marvellous skill, every spire and tower crowned with some wonderful evidence of genius. The Tag Mahal and the Pyramids of Egypt will stand for ages as the two greatest wonders of human skill and patience which the world has to show.

We reached Ceylon after a voyage of two weeks. The sight of land is always pleasant to the traveller, who for days has seen nothing but water on every side, but the glimpse of such a place as Ceylon is especially attractive. We arrived at Colombo on a very hot day—in fact, all days are hot in Ceylon. The first impression of this eastern world is a strange one. As soon as the ship was anchored, it was surrounded by boats filled with native men and boys, the men with a small cloth tied about their loins, the boys clothed as nature clothed them. It is astonishing how soon one becomes accustomed to the "nakedness of the land," and how very soon one wishes to follow their example, as the intense heat makes even the lightest clothing unbearable. One writer has said that while in Colombo, he had a strong desire to "take off his skin and sit in his bones." The population of Ceylon is nearly 3,000,000, including Europeans,

Moors, Malays, Tamils, Cingalese and others, with the religions of Mohammed, Hindu, Buddhist and Christian, and naturally this strange medley makes a picture that is to be found no place else. If an artist were to take all the shades of brown, from vandyke to the lightest tint, he or she would be able to reproduce all the colors of the skin of these strange people. There is no place in the world where caste is so distinct as in India. The manner of dressing and wearing the hair are the characteristics of the different castes. Our guide wore his hair in a "Grecian" knot, at the back of his head, with a tortoise-shell comb in front. It is difficult to distinguish the sex of these people, as what little clothing they wear is worn in the same manner by men and women. I asked the guide why he wore his hair in that manner. His reply was: "I Buddhist; high class." We engaged a native driver and native guide, the guide being able to speak a little English; the driver could speak nothing but Cingalese. After a preliminary squabble between driver and guide, we started on our voyage of discovery, but I forgot to mention that I thought myself extremely lucky in having got off the ship *intact*. There was a struggle between the guides and boatmen as to which should take us. Had the struggle been between themselves I should not have cared, but unfortunately I was in the midst of it, and between the screaming, gesticulating and babel of many tongues, my temper was rather sorely tried. Had I been a man with a stout umbrella I should certainly have used it over the heads of these people. At last we started after agreeing to pay five rupees for fourteen miles. We drove along a beautiful road, with cocoanut trees, cinnamon trees, and coffee plantations, while on both sides of the carriage there were children running along with out-stretched hands begging for money. It is a painful sight to see poverty when one is unable to relieve it, but it is by no means unpleasant to see the little Cingalese boys and girls running after one. It is simply amusing. One cannot bring up any harrowing scenes of ragged distress, because these people have so *little* clothing to become ragged, and their little black faces are as happy and radiant as the sun. There is none of the plaintive whine which one hears from beggars elsewhere, but a cheery voice bubbling with laughter. They look up with eyes twinkling with fun. "Good lady, I poor boy"—with a graceful twitch of the head. "Master, I very poor," with a most winning smile. If all beggars would follow their example, I am sure their business would increase, as it requires a very hard heart to resist the happy laugh and graceful Cingalese. We passed some beautiful bungalows and grounds, occupied by Europeans. One—the first of all—is occupied by a wealthy native, who sent his children to England to be educated.



We called at the Buddhist temple, where we saw the figure of Buddah, and the god of Vishnu. The religion of Buddah is said to be Christianity without Christ; nothing can be more pure than the Buddhist precepts. The Hindoo temple is also within our reach. We could have visited this by taking off our shoes on entering, but as the least exertion becomes oppressive in this climate, we refuse to exert ourselves, even to see a Hindoo idol. All my readers have seen in circuses the curious Hindoo cattle, which I never expected to see outside a circus tent, but in Ceylon they are harnessed to a cart, and are made to draw heavy burdens. I saw hundreds of them thus harnessed and at work. Nothing can exceed the novelty of a street scene in Colombo. In one carriage we see a Cingalese gentleman of wealth and position, dressed in immaculate white, with a native servant on the box, and another servant trotting by the carriage. Then a pair of Hindoo cattle harnessed to a covered wagon, while inside, perhaps, are four or five little naked children, with two or three grown people wearing bright turbans and brilliant colored skirts. The people who wear this turban are the most picturesque of all the motley crowd. The artistic manner of wearing it, the picturesque and brilliant colors, form a picture long to be remembered. Again, among the street conveyances are the jinrickshas drawn by one of the natives. It is a two-wheeled carriage made to hold one person, cushioned nicely, and the native who draws you is between two shafts. I wished to try this novel method of travelling, and having heard of it, was prejudiced against making a horse of a human being, but the feeling leaves one as soon as one steps into the little carriage. It all seems part and parcel of the strange scene.

There was one thing which afforded me much pleasure during my stay in Colombo, a pleasure not unmixed with pain. I called upon *Araba Pasha*, who, as most of my readers know, was sent to Ceylon a prisoner by the British Government, for endeavoring to free Egypt from British rule. His plans proved futile, and the result of his failure was exile and imprisonment in a strange land. I found him in a handsome bungalow, where he is free to go in and out as he chooses, with native servants and every comfort, but his gilded cage is none the less a prison. He is a magnificent looking man, with a commanding presence, and dignified bearing. His face is very expressive, and one can imagine that he would be easily aroused to enthusiasm, but he has no appearance of a fanatic, or visionary. He received me kindly, and has a very good knowledge of the English language; therefore the visit was an interesting one to me. After a little time I arose and he bowed me out with a courtly, dignified manner, leaving the impression upon my mind that I had left the presence of an "uncrowned king."

One can find many interesting curiosities in Colombo, and were it not for the importunities of the natives, it would be pleasant visiting these Oriental bazars, but it is most annoying to have these people screaming in one's ears continually. They will follow one around for an hour, gesticulating and screaming broken English, and I can assure my readers that no American "Cheap Jack" can compare with them for swindle and humbug. There are some beautiful stones to be found in Ceylon—the "cat's eye," and numerous handsome gems. The natives always make considerable money from the passengers on board the ships, but many times the *gems* which the travellers buy are made in Birmingham for about three pence each, and sold to the unwary traveller for three pounds. Then again the purchaser may secure a genuine "cat's eye" for three pounds and sell it in London for twenty, as one of my fellow-passengers did a few months ago. The most curious thing to me was the Cingalese newspaper, which I secured as a *souvenir*. The early history of Ceylon is obscure, but Cingalese kings are recorded as having reigned 543 B. C. Ceylon is noted for its elephants; many of them are exported annually to Europe. There are a great number of poisonous snakes, among them the dreaded cobra. One of the first questions which I asked the guide was if he ever saw any snakes, but I did not imagine that they were ever seen in the city; yet some of the ship's passengers, while driving to the museum, saw a large one basking in the sun, directly in the pathway.

One can see in the distance the celebrated mountain called Adam's Peak. This is the sacred mountain, where it is said the foot-print of Buddah is seen at the very summit. The legend is that Buddah stepped from this mountain over to India, leaving this foot-print as he returned to the land of his birth. The Buddhists have covered this place over with a jeweled covering, which they raise for the traveller to see the indentation. The foot mark is six feet in length. A man can lie down comfortably in it. If Buddah had a foot six feet in length, one naturally concludes that he must have been a giant. The teachings of these people are simple and pure, but, like all religions, superstitions have crept in, and this foot-mark reverence is really no more absurd than many of our beliefs.

If one requires washing done in Ceylon or India, it will be taken and returned in a few hours, but it is not wise to give fine muslins, or, as ladies say, "fine things," as the method of washing is rather peculiar. It consists of pounding the clothes with a club, or rubbing them on a stone, and all washing is done in cold water, in the little lakes, or lagoons.

There are excellent hotels in Colombo—cool and airy. While taking one's

meals there are two native servants engaged in swinging the punkahs overhead ; by this means the air is always kept cool. The punkahs are in all the bungalows of the wealthy people, and as servants can be had for a trifling sum, one can have any amount of attendance.

As the ship steamed from the harbor the scene was most beautiful and long to be remembered. The sacred mountain of Buddah was dimly outlined in the distance, the beautiful palms and cinnamon trees formed a charming middle-ground, while in the foreground, the natives, with their picturesque turbans and graceful figures, gave the finishing touch to this exquisite scene. The ship slowly steamed from the harbor, the people grew more indistinct, the palm trees faded from sight, until at last there was only the sacred mountain, growing more misty, until it faded from sight, and the Eastern world and all its mysteries were hidden ; the veil had fallen, hiding from Western eyes its glories and treasures.

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## CHAPTER II.

THE rest at Ceylon seemed only to increase our discomfort. After leaving Ceylon we were in the Arabian Sea, with another long stretch of water before us, and the heat increasing daily. The passengers were trying to dispel the tedium by a dance on deck, and the usual games, but dancing is not a success when one's blood seems boiling with heat. About six days out from Ceylon we sight the Island of Sokotra, and very beautiful it looks. It is about eighty miles long and twenty wide. There are about 5,000 blacks on it, and one can but wonder how they live, as the heat must be stifling. The island is mountainous, and soft, fleecy clouds are hanging over the cliffs, and at times cover the tips, softening the rough outlines.

Our next stopping place is Aden, after being at sea three weeks, but the place is so uninviting that none of the passengers feel inclined to visit it. It presents a scene of the utmost desolation. It is, as most of my readers know, in Arabia, is a garrison fortress and camp town, and boasts of a population of 40,000. When I think of the many beautiful places there are on this earth, I can not help wondering why people live in this nasty, hot, dusty hole. Life is simply a slow baking process ; in fact, the heat is so intense that the hair of the Arabs is bleached to a yellow hue. Soon after the ship was anchored it was surrounded by a crowd of Arabs, who offered to do anything for money ; the little boys diving for coins, and two of them jumped from the taffrail of the ship into the water. One tiny boy, whom I never expected to see again after such a leap, came up smiling a few rods off. They offered for sale many pretty shells, and skins of wild animals, and among other things some very handsome ostrich feathers, which are sold for a few pennies. I thought of my lady friends, who would revel in ostrich feathers, if by chance they should ever visit Aden ; but for myself, I have seen all I require of "Araby, the blest"—quite sufficient to satisfy me for the remainder of my days.

On the afternoon of the same day we passed "the fortress island of Perim," the key to the Red Sea. While looking at this island I am reminded of the old adage that "everything is fair in love and war." At one time a French man-of-war arrived at Aden, and the English garrison entertained the commander and officers. While dining, the French commander took a little too much wine, and, as usual in such cases, forgot his reticence, and informed the English officers that

his intentions were to take possession of the Island of Perim in the name of France. His surprise may be imagined, for upon arriving at the island next morning he saw the English flag floating in the breeze, advantage having been taken of the information to dispatch a gun-boat in the night and plant the English flag.

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### CHAPTER III.

“ **A**ND the Lord said unto Moses, stretch out thine hand over the sea, that the waters may come again upon the Egyptians, upon their chariots, and upon their horsemen.

“ And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared, and the Egyptians fled against it, and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea.

“ But the children of Israel walked upon dry land in the midst of the sea ; and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left.

“ Pharaoh’s chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea ; his chosen captains also are drowned in the Red Sea.”

Soon after passing Perim we entered “ Hell’s Gate,” or the “ Gates of Desolation.” Nothing could be more appropriate than this name to the entrance of the Red Sea. On our right was the Arabian shore, on our left the African desert, both countries arid and desolate, but the culminating point of misery is reached in this body of water. It is filled with wrecks of vessels which have struck on its treacherous shoals ; its coral reefs are the resting place for the bones of many passengers who have succumbed to the fearful heat. During the last voyage of the “ Orizaba ”—the ship in which I made my journey—there were eleven deaths in four days from “ heat apoplexy.” The months of June, July and August are the most dangerous on the Red Sea, and should be avoided by travellers, if possible. During my passage through there was a slight breeze, for which we were thankful, but even with that boon the heat is almost unbearable.

We passed over the spot where it is said Pharaoh and his chariots were swallowed in the sea ; passed Mount Sinai on our right, which is barely visible—merely a faint outline. Suez is the entrance of the canal at one end and Port Said the other. The Suez Canal, which cost \$90,000,000, required no engineering skill, as it was simply a question of digging out the sand, and the labor is still going on. They are constantly dredging and working, as the wash of the ships which pass through causes the sand to loosen from the embankments. It is an old saying that “ There is nothing new under the sun.” Even this canal, the boast of modern times, is not new, for it is known to have been in existence in the time of the Pharaohs, but the sands from the desert drifted and filled up the old one, and it remained for modern hands and commercial enterprise to



re-open this famous waterway. The ships move very slowly through the canal, therefore the traveller has an opportunity of seeing both sides, and the sight is a strange one. As far as the eye can reach, for miles and miles, the sandy desert stretches, with no trace of vegetation or even a green shrub. There were a number of Arabs working with camels when I passed through. They were widening the canal in places, and the boxes which held the sand were strapped on the backs of the camels, the animals kneeling down to receive their burden. These Arabs are so miserably poor that anything is acceptable to them. They will run along the bank of the canal, following the ship for pennies thrown to them, and swim out into the water for pieces of bread tossed to them from the ship. I think these dusky Arabs must have been made of sand, have eaten sand, and, after death, returned to sand. A Syrian woman came down to a well, carrying a pitcher upon her head—one of those quaint pitchers that we see in Eastern pictures, a veritable Rebecca at the well—and as nothing changes in the East; these women and their descendants will continue to carry water in the same way, in the same quaint vessels, for ages to come.

Port Said was our next stopping place, and has the reputation of being the “wickedest place on earth,” and I think the inhabitants keep up their unenviable reputation to the best, or worst, of their ability. There is a population of about 12,000, from all parts of the world—the refuse, scum, and dregs of the earth. It was Sunday when we arrived there, but Port Said recognizes no Sunday; the shops were all open, the markets doing a thriving trade, and a market scene in this place is a strange sight, with stranger sounds, with its babel of many tongues. Here I saw for the first time the veiled Egyptian women—a sight which filled me with pity, and a longing to tear the absurd thing from their faces. The veil is fastened just below the eyes, and that is the only part of the face which is visible. I could not help thinking that they were stifling under that heavy veil, for it is not the flimsy thing which ladies wear in other lands, but is thick, so as to conceal the face entirely. Perhaps my pity was uncalled for, as I do not think it more absurd than many of the fashionable garments worn by the devotees of fashion elsewhere. One of the novelties of Port Said is a ride on a donkey, and I quickly availed myself of the novel mode of travelling; but I soon found that the donkey and I were not of one mind—that we did not fully understand each other. When I wished to turn to the right, he immediately showed a strong inclination to go to the left; he was also given to sudden stoppages, a habit which nearly sent me over his head several times. The saddles used on these animals have no pommels, but the ride is very enjoyable—till you fall off.

I visited the Mohammedan Mosque, but was not allowed to enter without first removing my shoes, as no person is allowed to step inside a mosque with shoes on. I of course removed mine, and entered, and was rewarded by seeing a devotee at his devotions. Thousands of believers in the Mohammedan faith pass through Port Said yearly on their pilgrimage to Mecca, the birth-place of Mohammed.

Among the customs of the unchanging East is the one of the money changers, who sit outside their doors on the pavement, as they have done since the time of Solomon. It is only twelve hours' ride from Port Said to Jerusalem. I have seen, dimly outlined against the horizon, Mount Sinai and Mount Horeb, while here, within easy distance, lie Jerusalem, the River Jordan and peerless Damascus.

After leaving Port Said there was nothing more of interest till we passed through the beautiful Straits of Messina. Then, farther on, we passed the Volcano of Stromboli, a huge rock rising from the sea; then, in a short time, into the beautiful Bay of Naples.

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## CHAPTER IV.

I THINK no place in the world appeals so strongly to the heart and mind of the artist as Naples. At every turn the eye is delighted by some new beauty and quaint scene. It has been said that the Neapolitans are dirty. It is true they are dirty, but it is picturesque dirt. No where else in the world are rags worn with such grace, for even the rags are beautifully colored. One sees the richest hues in Naples—the sea, the sky, the tint of the buildings mellowed by time, the picturesque dress of the people, all combine to make an exquisite picture, one that once seen can never be forgotten. Naples has a population of 600,000, and one cannot help wondering how they live, as they seem to do nothing but group in numbers, and make pictures of themselves. The streets are the most wonderful to be seen any place in the world. I do not mean that the buildings are the most beautiful, but I mean to say that in no other place are such beautiful sights to be seen.

We were a party of four who started on a tour of Italy, and the first thing we did was to secure a guide, which we did without any trouble; and there is not the least difficulty in getting along if one will only beware of *extras*, the great trouble with all continental hotels. I will only mention a few of the most interesting places which I visited in Naples. Among the palaces was one of especial interest, the palace of Princess Colonna, the daughter of Mr. Mackay, of California, who repaired the fortunes of the impecunious prince of the house of Colonna, and secured a title for herself. I saw the palace which Araba Pasha occupied after his flight from Egypt into Naples, before the grand *finale* which made him a prisoner at Ceylon. He caused some disturbance in Egypt and sought safety in flight, choosing Italy as the place of refuge; then returned again to Egypt to renew hostilities, which all my readers are acquainted with, and will end his days probably in exile. I drove through the Grotto of Posilipo, cut by the old Romans nearly 2,000 years ago. I visited the Queen's Palace, where there are many beautiful paintings; one entire room is devoted to the portraits of the Bourbon family. There are numerous beautiful tables of antique marble, in one room a large table from the ruins of Pompeii, many cabinets of curiosities, handsome statues and antique marble vases. In one room I saw the cradle of the young prince, with satin linings and inlaid with precious stones, a magnificent resting place for the young prince; but his pathway through life may be none



the smoother, for in an unsettled country like Italy the adage, "uneasy lies the head which wears a crown," is very applicable. There is one room which interested me very much, that is the "porcelain" room. The whole wall is covered with porcelain figures in relief. There are trees, flowers, fruits, fans, and monkeys all mingled together in the strangest manner. The most beautiful room is the ball-room. The walls are handsomely frescoed, the colors blending harmoniously. There are magnificent pier glasses, and superb chandeliers. I could easily conjure a brilliant scene, with the blaze of many lights, beautiful frescoes, the mirrors reflecting the forms and features of the lovely Italian women. I drove along the fashionable drive, where I saw elegant carriages and liveried servants, both horses and equipments rivalling anything of the kind seen either in New York or Paris. The drive in the evening was a delightful one, with the beautiful Bay of Naples on one side, the picturesque city on the other. The moon hung like a silver disk in the sky, and repeated itself in the blue water, while the lurid light from Vesuvius shone through beneath the black cloud which hung like a pall over it—the mountain of molten lava which has overflowed and buried two cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii.

#### THE BURIED CITY OF POMPEII.

The drive from Naples to Pompeii occupies about two hours. We engaged a driver and guide, starting early in the morning. During the whole way we have Vesuvius in sight, at times belching forth columns of smoke, as if to prepare us for the ruin it has wrought, and to remind the people that what it has previously done it may do again, that the beautiful city of Naples may at any time be covered with ashes and lava. To give the people security, and for the advancement of meteorological investigation, they have built an observatory at the summit of the mountain, near the crater. By this means they are able to note every tremor of the mighty mountain, to make known previously any unusual convulsion. About ten years ago the needles indicated an eruption. The people were warned that it would occur, but were also told that nothing serious would happen to Naples. The eruption occurred, as was foretold, but no one could fortell the horror of the people, the screams of the frightened women, the panic-stricken men, the wild confusion. People rushed to the sea for safety, but fortunately Naples and her people escaped uninjured, while an island in the bay, about twenty miles distant, was destroyed. We drove by handsome palaces and soldiers' barracks, the palaces dirty but picturesque, the people

dirtier and more picturesque, with the blending of Greek and Oriental. There is a little hotel just at the gates of Pompeii, where we took our luncheon, under the shadow of Vesuvius; then entered the silent city of the dead, and walked along streets that were worn by wheels of the chariots which were driven through Pompeii nearly two thousand years ago. As the destruction of Pompeii took place nearly two thousand years ago, and the stones in the streets were worn into ruts on both sides by the chariot wheels, what then must have been the age of the city at the time of its destruction? I stood near a marble fountain where the marble had been worn into a hollow by hands resting upon its side. How many generations must have passed, and how many hands rested upon this fountain before the imprint was made upon solid marble? In this same fountain there was a marble head from the mouth of which the water ran. One side of the marble head is worn down almost flat by the people putting their mouths down to drink from the fountain and pressing the face against the marble. Any one can see at a glance the positions the people have taken while drinking, the hand resting on the marble, and the face pressed against the side. How many faces, young and old—how many lips, fresh and withered—have pressed against the marble to make those impressions? Traces of this buried city were discovered first in 1689, but excavations were not commenced till 1721. Since then the work has continued, and valuable discoveries are being made constantly. There are miles of these streets and houses uncovered, the contents of the houses showing the tastes and customs of the people, and we who boast of modern improvements and inventions, are making use of the same inventions to-day that were used by the ancients. We boast of our refinement and luxuries, but the ancients were more luxurious than we of the nineteenth century. One has only to walk through the streets of Pompeii to become convinced of the luxurious tastes of the ancients. There are magnificent marble columns, beautiful frescoes, handsome tiles and bronzes. Every house had its beautiful mosaic floor, every piece worked with skill and artistic taste. Elegant marble tables, marble columns, handsome facades, all show elegance of taste and refinement. The authorities have preserved everything which has been found during the excavations. Some are in a building at Pompeii, while the greater number are in the museum at Naples. Everything in a Roman house displayed artistic taste. Among the many things which I saw was a splendid vase with four handles, decorated with female busts and inlaid with silver; table with bronze, inlaid with silver, bronze baskets, etc. I only mention this one vase as being especially beautiful, but there is an endless variety of them. Any one of them, in

our day, would be considered a work of art. Beautiful baths in every household ; ornaments for doors and furniture ; numerous candelabra for lamps ; numbers of mathematical instruments (one is exactly like the instrument used by modern sculptors); doctors' instruments ; one large gold lamp. Among the ornaments I saw numbers of gold rings, one with the bone of the finger, and the ring on it, just as it was found, and many rings set with fine stones ; one magnificent necklace with eight large pearls and nine emeralds, but I will not particularize these now ; ear-rings, rings, chains, necklets innumerable, and stranger than all, a bottle of rouge, the color as fresh as though it were put in the bottle yesterday.

The tickets for theatres were peculiar—ivory checks, and pigeons made out of terra-cotta. These were for the upper row of seats, still called in Italy the "pigeon loft." Among the checks and pigeons were found skulls and heads carved out of ivory, and their use is unknown. I have a theory—and if I am wrong I hope my readers will correct me—that these skulls or death heads represented the *free* tickets or *dead-heads*, as we call them in our time. I hope I am right, as it would afford me much pleasure to have made even this slight discovery in connection with so wonderful a place.

I saw the plaster casts of some of the bodies found, some of them showing that their suffering had been very great ; some had fallen smothered by the fumes of gas, while in the act of running away, others had tried to escape by the windows and were burned by the hot ashes. In one place they came upon a skeleton ; and it has been left just as it was found. They have put up a gate and locked it securely, and one can look through and see the skeleton lying in its bed of lava. I shall carry in my mind for many a day this ghastly remembrance of Pompeii. I wandered away from my friends while looking through Pompeii ; the guide had left me. The room I was in must have been occupied by people of wealth. The paintings on the walls were as fresh as though but recently painted. There was a fountain with mosaics on every side, and here again were the marks of many hands. There was not a sound to be heard, and I never felt so utterly alone as while standing in this silent room by the fountain which had so suddenly ceased its play. I stood there as in a dream and tried to people this room, but the wind arose while I stood, and began to moan and sigh through the marble columns, like the wail of a lost soul, as if in protest at the intrusion. If these silent streets could only speak, would they not tell of restless spirits and noiseless feet in this city of the dead.



## CHAPTER V.

**I**BADE adieu to beautiful Naples and started on my way to Rome, a journey which occupied about six hours. Nothing can be more unlike than these two cities, as nothing can be more unromantic and unpoetical than modern Rome. But it is not of modern Rome that I am writing, but of ancient Rome. Books upon books have been written about its wonderful ruins, and people will continue to write, and still the subject will not be exhausted, as it is simply inexhaustible. It is interesting alike to the historian, the artist, the archæologist and the ordinary traveller. The first thing necessary was to secure a guide, and we were fortunate in our choice of "Guiseppe Rulli." He had been studying the antiquities of Rome in the Roman University for three years, and each year has taken the prize for his superior knowledge of the subject. The first thing which my eye rested upon was a column erected in Egypt 2,000 years before the birth of our Saviour, and brought to Rome before the Christian era. I wandered through the ruins of the palace of the mighty Cæsars; stopped for a time before the church of Andrea della Valle, built over the spot where the Senate met, where Julius Cæsar fell, when there was "none so poor as to do him reverence," near the statue of Pompey, which "all the while ran blood;" passed under the arch erected by Augustus Cæsar in honor of his sister, Octavia. This was destroyed by a fire, and was restored by Septimus Severus and Caracalla in 203. I crossed the Tiber and saw the ruins of the first bridge built over that river, 553 years before our Saviour's birth, the bridge which Horatius so gallantly defended; passed under the "Arca di Tito," erected to Titus, the son of Vespasian, for the conquest of Jerusalem; it was through this arch that he bore the golden candlestick taken from the temple at Jerusalem. The tower of the golden house of Nero, upon which it is said he stood and fiddled while Rome was burning, still stands grey and gloomy. I drove along the celebrated Appian Way, which was constructed by Appius Claudius Cæcus, 312 years before the birth of our Saviour, many of the stones of the ancient road way still lying there; passed the small church where it is said St. Peter met Christ. I visited the "Abbadia delle Tre Fontane," or Three Fountains, which derives its name from the legend that on this spot St. Paul was beheaded, and after the head was severed from the body it made three leaps, and from each of these three spots a fountain started. Just as I was approaching these fountains I had the pleasure of meeting Archbishop Fabre, of Montreal,

who was at Rome on a visit to his Holiness the Pope. Before leaving, he told me of the celebrated liqueur which was originated by a French Trappist from Canada. This monk made the liqueur from the eucalyptus trees which were brought from Australia to Rome in order to purify the air of the Campagna. I drank some of this liqueur—drank to the memory of the dead monk, one of my own countrymen.

The next place of interest was the Catacombs. There were a number of people visiting this place at the same time. We were each obliged to carry a lighted taper, and the scene was a weird one as we descended into the earth, into darkness that could almost be felt. These subterranean passages were used as burial places by the early Christians and also as places of refuge from the Roman pagans. Our way was through narrow, dark passages, and on either side there are excavations where the bodies of the Christian martyrs have lain, and as we walked slowly through, our lights seemed only to increase the darkness, and to make it still more ghastly; at times we caught a glimpse of the bones mouldering and crumbling—bones that had lain there for centuries. I was wishing myself safely out when I heard a lady exclaim, "Such a horrid place! Do let us get out." I made some remark to her and her reply was, "I am a patriotic American and my home is in Ohio." There is no place secure from the much-travelled American, from the top of the Pyramid of Cheops to the interior of the Catacombs at Rome.

On the Appian Way is seen the celebrated tomb of Cæcilia Metella; it is circular and sixty-five feet in diameter. There is a handsome frieze adorned with wreaths of flowers. In the interior was the beautiful sarcophagus which was removed to the Farnese palace. Such monuments are not erected in the nineteenth century to the memory of women, and surely there must be women worthy of such monuments, or did the pagan Romans revere the memory of their womankind more than the Christians of to-day? I entered the church of "St. Pietro in Vineoli," where stands the magnificent statue of Moses by Michael Angelo, one of the most celebrated statues which exist. From there to the wonderful temple of the Pantheon, the most splendid monument of antiquity in Rome, erected by Agrippa twenty-seven years before our Saviour's birth. In this magnificent temple are buried Caracci and the immortal Raphael. I paused for a time before the ruins of the Roman Forum, before the temple of Saturn, which was built 491 years before Christ. Then to the baths of Caracalla, begun in the year 212 by Caracalla and finished by Alexander Severus. It requires only a look at these wonderful ruins to understand the magnificence and splendor of

the ancient Romans. These baths could accommodate 1600 bathers at once. The heating apparatus and hot-air pipes have recently been discovered. Beautiful statues have been found in these ruins, and there are immense rooms with beautiful mosaic-tiled floors. There are policemen guarding these ruins, as the beautiful mosaic floors prove a strong temptation to tourists, and no matter how much one may condemn vandalism, few could resist the mosaics from the baths of Caracalla.

The grand church of St Peter, with its lofty dome, magnificent columns and wonderful ornamentation, is the admiration of the world—a church where the genius of Michael Angelo and Raphael united, where architects, painters and sculptors have used their greatest skill, till at last it stands a monument of greatness and one of the wonders of the world. The Vatican palace, the largest in the world, was at one time a dwelling for the Popes, and is occupied at the present time by Pope Leo XIII. Nearly all the rooms are show rooms, only a small portion of the building being occupied by the Pope. There are about 11,000 halls, chapels, saloons and private apartments. After visiting the Sistine chapel, made famous by its paintings by Raphael, its frescoes by Florentine masters and wonderful work of Michael Angelo, I went to the stables to see the carriages of the Pope; one of them cost \$20,000, but the present Pope has never ridden in these carriages, nor does he go out of his apartments; considering himself a prisoner, he refuses to leave the Vatican. Truly a magnificent prison, St. Peter's, the Vatican and the Sistine chapel!

The most wonderful of all the great ruins of ancient Rome stands, the Colosseum, the largest amphitheatre in the world, completed by Titus eighty years after the birth of our Saviour. The wonderful structure was oval, and the exterior was composed of three stories of arches, and each story had eighty arches. One hundred thousand people could be accommodated. The arena had two entrances, and entrances for the gladiators and wild beasts. At the inauguration there were 5,000 wild animals killed, and it is said that 6,000 Christians were devoured by the animals during the hundred days of revelry and butchery. I would like to be able to describe accurately these wonderful ruins, but I find it impossible, and although only one third of the gigantic building remains, the ruins are the most impressive of any in the world, I think. It has passed through many stages and been used for various purposes. From the "Roman holidays" of gladiator combats, which were abolished in 405, the wild beast fights were continued till the time of Theodoric the Great. It was used in the Middle Ages by the Roman barons as a fortress. In 1332 the Roman nobility again introduced



bull fights ; then after that period the magnificent building was used as a quarry. In the fifteenth century they began removing the materials for the construction of palaces, and when one learns that *three* palaces were constructed from the Colosseum, then the idea of the original size begins to dawn upon one. Pope Pius VII. and Leo XII. endeavored to preserve the ruins, and in order to do so erected large buttresses. These interesting ruins have re-echoed the howls of wild beasts, and groans of Christians who have died for their faith, and Roman ladies have witnessed the sickening sights of gladiatorial combats. Near the Colosseum there is an old fountain, where the gladiators used to wash their wounds after their struggles with the wild beasts. This building has always been symbolical of the greatness of Rome, and gave rise to this prophecy among the pilgrims: "While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand; when falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall; and when Rome falls, with it shall fall the world."

I visited the palace of Colonna—relatives of the Prince Colonna who married Miss Mackay. The palace is opened to the public certain days in the week, and on the walls are hung many handsome pictures by Rubens, Van Dyck, Tintoretto, Guido, Titian, and others.

I have said nothing about the miles, almost, of pictures to be seen in Rome—pictures by the old masters; and, notwithstanding their wonderful beauty, one tires after a time of Madonnas and pictures of Virgins.

Among the most beautiful things in Rome is the Fontana di Trevi, or Fountain of Trevi. It is erected against the Plazzo Poli. In the central niche is the beautiful statue of Neptune, at the sides Health and Fertility. The Romans say that anyone drinking of the water of Trevi will never forget Rome, and the superstitious say that if a stranger throws a coin into the fountain before leaving, and drinks of the water, he will surely return to Rome. I, wishing to return some day to this city of ruins, threw a coin into the fountain and drank of the water of Trevi.

## CHAPTER VI.

**A**FTER leaving Rome we took the train for Florence, a distance which occupied about seven hours, arriving in the evening, the river Arno looking in the moonlight like a silver thread, giving one a fine impression of the birthplace of the immortal Dante.

The beautiful Metropolitan Church is the first thing which strikes the eye in Florence. Every part of this edifice has a history and an interesting one. The foundation stone was laid in 1298. The exterior is covered with marbles of different colors, and the crowning glory is the cupola. The beautiful stained glass windows are the works of Bernardo de Vetri and other master hands. At the back of the altar is a statue left unfinished by Michael Angelo. The Battistero, built in the seventh century, is celebrated for its magnificent bronze gate by Ghiberti, which Michael Angelo said was worthy of being the gate of Paradise. The famous Medicean Chapel is one of the beauties of Florence, where we see the tombs of the De Medicis and handsome monuments. But the most interesting place in Florence is the Uffizi gallery. There is seen the Venus of the Medicis, a Greek work, the Dancing Faun, one of the great works of the ancients; paintings by Raphael, Corregio, Caracci, and other great artists. Among the remarkable houses which have been occupied by celebrated people is the house of Dante; the villa occupied by Michael Angelo; Cellini's house; the house of Galileo, the house where Raphael resided, Andrea Del Sarto, and stranger than all, the place where Americus Vespucius was born.

### VENICE.

From Florence to Venice requires only a few hours ride by train, but when one arrives in this place the utter strangeness of one's surroundings seems to place one beyond the reach of all places and all things to which one has been accustomed. This wonderful Venice, which at one time was the commercial centre of the world, suffered by the discovery of America, but I think it must owe much of its present prosperity to Americans, as they of all foreigners are the most numerous in Venice, and are the owners of many of the old palaces which were occupied at one time by the Venetian nobles. After leaving the train we were taken to our hotel in a gondola, for there are no horses in Venice, everything being carried by gondolas, and many people living there have never seen a horse. So the strangeness of the scene was thrust upon us at the outset

as we took our seats in the gondola, and started down the Grand Canal from there into side streets, the gondola making sharp turns around corners with a rapidity which is astonishing when one considers that it is propelled by *one* oar. We passed Venetian ladies—probably out making afternoon calls—with their private gondolas and gondoliers, the gondolier in many instances wearing the family coat of arms on his sleeve; thus instead of carriages with the coat of arms emblazoned thereon, the Venetians have them upon their gondolas and gondoliers. We stopped at the “Hotel Monaco,” Grand Canal, and from my window I could look down directly into the water, and was awakened many times in the night during my stay in Venice by the strange sound of the oar of the gondolas. The Venetians have a saying “One Venice, one sun, and one Piazza San Marco.” It is the correct thing for the people to go to the *Lido* to see the sun rise, but I am satisfied to get all my information in regard to sunrises second hand, as I much prefer to lie in bed and read the descriptions, or better still, hear nothing about the subject, for who can describe or paint a sunrise? But the Piazza San Marco, or St. Mark’s Square, interested me very much. In one part of the square is the celebrated clock tower. On the top of the tower, on each side of a large bell, are two large bronze figures by Ambrogia dalle Ancore, in 1497, the year of the discovery of America. The Campanile is the highest monument in Venice, and the terrace underneath is ornamented with statues and bas-reliefs and columns of Greek marble.

The Cathedral of St. Mark was commenced in the middle of the eleventh century, and is celebrated for its Oriental marble works, its carvings, paintings and bronzes. The Doges’ palace is one of the most beautiful buildings in St. Mark’s Square, and Charles Dickens alludes to the beautiful arches in his “Pictures from Italy.” But of all the statues, architecture and marvellous works of skill in this celebrated square, there was nothing which interested me so much as the pigeons, or as they are called, the “Pigeons of St. Mark,” for they are the protégés of the city, and anyone found ill-treating or injuring them in any way is fined or imprisoned, for it is believed by the credulous that the prosperity of Venice depends upon these pigeons, that the fact of their being there is a sign that the city will not be swallowed by the waters of the sea. Every day at two o’clock their dinner bell is rung, the vesper bells being used for that purpose. The moment the bells commence to ring the birds fly to this square, and it is said that if the bell ringing is omitted the birds scream and flap their wings in a peculiar manner. I saw a little girl feeding them; the birds flocked about her in thousands, lighting on her head and in her hands—a pretty picture for an artist.



I always had a desire to see the " Bridge of Sighs," of which Lord Byron says :—

" I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,  
A palace and a prison on each hand."

But I was disappointed, as it requires a vivid imagination to invest this bridge with much interest, although writers say it is the most celebrated bridge in the world. It is true that there is a palace at one end and a prison at the other, and the prisoners were led from the palace to the prison, but I think these lines of Byron have invested it with too much importance. In the church of St. Marie dei Frari is to be seen the tombs of Titian and Canova.

In going down the water streets of Venice we pass many celebrated palaces which were once occupied by famous people. There is seen the house where Tintoretto lived, the celebrated Fondaco dei Turchi, which has been admired by Byron, Tasso and Petrarch ; the Palazzo Benyon, which was occupied by Byron, Canova and Moore ; the Mocinigo palace was occupied by Byron in 1818, where he wrote the first cantos of Don Juan ; Petrarch's house, which was presented to him in 1362 ; the palace of Taglioni, the celebrated Italian *danseuse*, and many other noble palaces whose foundations have been washed for centuries by the waters of the Adriatic.

" There is a glorious city in the sea :  
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,  
Ebbing and flowing ; and the salt sea-weed  
Clings to the marble of her palaces.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

No track of men, no footsteps to and fro  
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,  
Invincible.: and from the land we went  
As to a floating city."

After leaving Venice our next destination was Milan, to see the world renowned Cathedral. It is built in the form of a cross, and no tongue or pen can describe its wondrous beauty—a structure that seems impossible to have been built by human hands, so delicate does it appear. Its beautiful spires look like frost; and as pure as snow, while the statues from their dizzy heights seem to have been placed there by the spirits of the air, and if the souls of the departed dead are permitted to revisit earth, surely no fitter spot could they find than

among the spires and statues of Milan Cathedral. No one can look upon this structure without being better for it; no one can look upon it without forgetting earth and all things earthly. I turn from it with regret, for never again will I stand before any work of man so beautiful, so graceful, or so pure as this wonderful poem in marble.

After leaving Milan, the next place of interest was Como in Switzerland, the lake about which poets have sung and novelists written. There we took the train to cross the Alps, and passed through the St. Gothard's Tunnel, the place which required such engineering skill. It is by no means a pleasant sensation to feel that you are beneath a mountain, in utter darkness, on a train which is performing some kind of evolutions on a spiral railway. While crossing the Alps, many times, just as I caught a glimpse of some beautiful bit of scenery, suddenly I found myself in darkness, for there are tunnels and tunnels, but the greatest of all is the St. Gothard's, which requires twenty minutes to pass through.

When we started to cross the Alps, before we made the ascent, the valley was green with grapes growing on the vines. We found ourselves plunged into a tunnel, and when we emerged from it the valley was *below* us. We passed little Swiss houses, another tunnel, and upon emerging again the little houses were below us and we found the atmosphere colder; another tunnel, then we were in the region of snow, with pines growing on the mountain side. We had left the grapes and green fields below, and upon looking down we could see the mouth of the tunnel from which we had recently emerged, while the bridge we had just crossed looked like a spider's web below. One more tunnel and we were on the highest point, and the scenery was grand in the extreme. Mountain gorges below us and bridges that seemed unable to bear the weight of a man, and it seemed almost incredible that they had carried the weight of the heavy train. It was extremely cold at the summit, but the greatest inconvenience from which I suffered was deafness, through the air being so rarified. We plunged once again into a tunnel, and after coming to the opening we could see the track *above* us this time, and on and on through endless tunnels we gradually descended and found ourselves on the other side of the Alps. On through Switzerland into France, then on to the brilliant capital, Paris. I will not weary my readers with any descriptions of Paris, as it is a threadbare subject; but the Parisians collectively are a constant source of wonder. Their lives, which are always at *high pressure*, seem to suggest the old saying, "A short life and a merry one," if the life of a *blazè* Parisian can be said to be merry. They are nothing if not sensational, and while I was there the craze was Patti, and hysterical, emotional, extravagant

Paris fairly outdid itself. The newspaper criticisms and eulogies were such as could only be produced by the Parisian press.

From Paris we took the train to Calais, a distance of only a few hours' travel, then crossed the English Channel in seventy minutes. This very narrow strip of water sometimes proves much too wide in stormy weather and is the *bête noire* of amateur sailors ; but when I was crossing, the Channel was in a gracious mood ; consequently I escaped the usual *mal de mer*. From Dover we took the train again for London, the time required being only ten hours from Paris to London.

I have listened to people speaking in terms of dismay of *continental Sundays*, and often when the subject of opening an art gallery on Sunday has been proposed, people have held up their hands in horror and exclaimed, " It would be *impossible*. Just look at the Continent for an example. If we opened galleries, the next thing we would have continental Sundays " I think if such people were to spend some time on the Continent, they would change their minds in regard to many things. I do not mean to say that the people of Italy, Switzerland and France observe the Sunday as the Anglo-Saxon does, by sitting at home and denying himself all pleasure ; but in my travels on the Continent I have heard no noise, no disturbance, no drunkenness, in the streets on Sunday. I passed through a little village in Italy one Sunday, and there were a number of the village maidens and young men dancing on the green, but there was no noise. The theatres are open in all the large cities, but there is no disturbance, and I did not see one man *intoxicated* during my travels on the Continent. I am not advocating theatres on Sunday, nor the opening of art galleries or libraries, as I believe in everyone being miserable in their own way ; and if the Anglo-Saxon can get his full amount of misery by making Sunday a day of penance, by all means let him have it. What I wish to say is that continental people can enjoy their Sunday rationally, without penance, without noise or drunkenness. In London some of the authorities are working hard to have the museums and art galleries opened on Sunday, so that the working man and his family may visit them. They have succeeded in opening some of these places, and in time they will all be opened.



## CHAPTER VII.

**H**ERE again I am going to spare my readers any description of London; too many books have been written on the subject. Here is the usual regulation route in London, which all writers take, but many of these places did not interest me. I went, like all the rest of the world, to Westminster Abbey, and was told to notice particularly a certain portion of the floor, which was six hundred years old or more; but after having seen a column which was brought to Rome from Egypt, where it was erected *two thousand years before the birth of Christ*, this marble floor in Westminster seemed very new. But I believe my travels have not been of the regulation order, and London was no exception to the rule, as I went to the places which were the most interesting to me, and I hope my readers do not object to going with me to the East End to the London slums. One Sunday afternoon I went, accompanied by a police officer, to the poor part of this great city. Our way led us through that portion known as Whitechapel, the scene of the horrible murders. Nothing can be more surprising than the sudden change from the principal street, with its well-dressed people, into this hive of poverty, misery and crime. Here, within sight of the Bank of England, the Mansion House, and the Exchange, is this fearful poverty. I walked through these narrow lanes, where there were thousands of men, women and children; men with brutal faces, made brutal by poverty and crime; women with scarcely a trace of *woman* left; children—God help them!—with nothing of childhood about them. I went into what is called a lodging house, where, by paying fourpence a day, a man may cook what little he can get, and if he can get nothing to eat, he may *sleep* there. I went in just as they were taking their meal—if it can be called such—and witnessed a sight which I shall not forget. There were about four hundred men sitting around pine tables, each one eating what he had been able to get for himself, weak tea and dry bread; in many instances eating food which the petted lap dogs of my fashionable lady friends would have refused. They resented our intrusion—and who can blame them?—some of them looking up like hunted wild beasts, others with the stolid look which struggling with poverty so often brings. Two of them had lain their heads down on the table and fallen asleep, the picture of weariness. *Drunk*, my readers may exclaim. Perhaps they were, but none the less to be pitied, as they must

waken from this sleep or drunken stupor, to cold, hunger and misery. In another alley I came across two women sitting alone, half clad, on the door step of a vacant house, taking their solitary meal, and the look of misery on their faces will haunt me many a day. On a few dry crusts and weak tea they were trying to satisfy hunger, but the words seem a mockery, as if their hunger was ever appeased!—for here, in a land of plenty, are starving women and children, while men have spent their lives in trying to alleviate the sufferings of these people, still the misery remains. In one street some well-meaning ladies were holding a *service* in a lodging house, but to me it seemed worse than mockery. Pure air, cleanliness, and food are the essential needs of these poor people, and none of these do they get. Talk to a half starving child about the goodness of God! See them look with white lips and hungry eyes into your face, while you repeat to them the catechism or creed! The people who do these things may be well meaning, but they know nothing of human nature. Tell these poor starving children the story of the crucifixion, and how will it affect them, for are *they* not crucified every day by cold and hunger? The crown of thorns which they wear is on their head at their birth, and is composed of sorrow, shame, hunger, misery and wretchedness!

He who has written so many kindly things of such people as these is resting in Westminster Abbey. Before the grave of Charles Dickens I reverently bowed. He took from such people his character of "Little Nell," and who does not know of "Poor Joe" and his lonely life. There are many "Poor Joes" in the London slums to-day.

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I have seen the volcano-ridged mountains of the Sandwich Islands, the palms and groves of Honolulu, the cocoanut-crowned hills of Samoa; have visited the home of the Maori, ascended the cone-shaped Mount Eden of New Zealand, passed up the magnificent harbor of Sydney, seen the mines and cities of Australia. Have seen the snow-capped hills of Tasmania, and watched the Southern Cross recede from view while I sailed for that beautiful island of the East, Ceylon, and rested for a time among the mystic, occult-loving people of India. Have passed through the Red Sea, through which the children of Israel walked unharmed, toward the land of the Pharaohs, and have stood on the blistering sands of Egypt. Sailed through the waters of the Mediterranean to the beautiful Bay of Naples. Have seen the soft skies of the art-loving, poetical people of Italy, on to the mighty Alps and blue hills of Switzerland. Have

visited the vine-clad hills of sunny France, and then stood upon the shores of England. Leaving the old worlds, with their Eastern magnificence and Oriental splendor, their palaces of art and halls of science, I turn my face toward the land which for many months is ice-bound and covered with its mantle of snow, turn once more to the land of my birth, *Canada*.

THE END.













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